THE
Spanish Tragedie,
Containing the lamentable ende of Don Horatio, and Bel-imperia: with the pittifull death of old Hieronimo.

Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faultes as passed in the former impression.

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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghoſt of Andrea, and With him Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

WHen this eternall ſubſtance of my ſoule,
Did liue impriſond in my wanton fleſh:
Ech in their function ſeruing others neede,
I was a Courtier in the Spaniſh Court.
My name was *Don Andrea*, my diſcent
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gratious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duteous ſeruice and deſeruing loue,
In ſecret I poſſeſt a worthy dame,
Which hight ſweete *Bel-imperia* by name.
But in the harueſt of my ſommer ioyes,
Deathes winter nipt the bloſſomes of my bliſſe,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made paſſage through my woundes.
When I was ſlaine, my ſoule deſcended ſtraight,
To paſſe the flowing ſtreame of *Acheron:*
But churliſh *Charon* onelie boatman there,
Said that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not ſit amongeſt his paſſengers.
Ere *Sol* had ſlept three nights in *Thetis* lap.
And ſlakt his ſmoaking Chariot in her ſloud:
By *Don Horatio* our knight Marſhals ſonne,
My funerals and abſequies were done.
Then was the Ferriman of hell content,

To paſſe me ouer to the ſlimie ſtrond,
That leades to fell *Auernus* ouglie waues:
There pleaſing *Cerberus* with homed ſpeech,
I paſt the perils of the formoſt porch,
Not farre from hence amidſt ten thouſand ſoules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*:
To whom no ſooner gan I make approch,
To craue a paſport for my wandring Ghoſt:
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the maner of my life and death.
This knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue:
And for his loue tried fortune of the warres,
And by warres fortune loſt both loue and life,
Why then ſaid *Eacus*, conucy him hence,
To walke with louers in our fieldes of loue
And ſpend the courſe of euerlaſting time,
Vnder greene mirtle trees and Cypers ſhades,
No, no, ſaid *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
With louing ſoules to place a Martialiſt,
He died in warre, and muſt to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in laſting paine,
And *Achilles* mermedons to ſcoure the plaine.
Then *Minos* mildeſt cenſor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference.
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall king:
To dome him as beſt ſeemes his maieſtie:
To this effect my paſport ſtraight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Through dreadfull ſhades of euer gloming night:
I ſaw more ſights then thouſand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortal hearts can thinke.
Three waies there were, that on the right hand ſide,
Was readie waie vnto the foreſaid fields,
Where louers liue, and bloudie Martialiſts.
But either ſort containd within his bounds,
The left hand path declining feareſullie,
Was readie downefall to the deepeſt hell. Where

Where bloudy furies shakes their whips of steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele.
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,
And wantons are imbrasde with ouglie snakes:
And murderers greeue with euerkilling wounds,
And periurde wightes scalded in boiling lead,
And all soule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd,
Twixt these two waies, I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire Elizian greene.
In midst whereof there standes a stately towre,
The walles of brasse, the gates of Adamant.
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my pasport humbled on my knee.
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue my doome:
Pluto was pleasd and sealde it with a kisse.
Forth with (*Reuenge*) she rounded thee in th'eare,
And bad thee lead me through the gats of Horror:
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

Reuenge.

THen know *Andrea* that thou art ariued,
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of Pottingale.
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia:*
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this tragedie

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.

King.

NOw say L. Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All well my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the warre.

King. But what portendes thy cheerefull countenance.
And posting to our presence thus in hast?
Speake man, hath fortune giuen vs victorie?

Gen. Victorie my Liege, and that with little loſſe.
King. Our Portingals will paie vs tribute then.
Gen. Tribute and wonted homage there withall.
King. Then bleſt be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
From whoſe faire influence ſuch iuſtice flowes,
Caſt. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*
Et conjurata curuato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti ſoror eſt victoria iuris.
King. Thankes to my louing brother of Caſtile.
But Generall, vnfold in breefe diſcourſe,
Your forme of battell and your warres ſucceſſe.
That adding all the pleaſure of thy newes,
Vnto the hight of former happines,
With deeper wage and greater dignitie,
We may reward thy bliſfull chiualrie.
Gen. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound:
There met our armies in their proud aray,
Both furniſht well, both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing a like with daring ſhowes,
Both vaunting ſundrie colours of deuice,
Both cheerly ſounding trumpets, drummes and fifes.
Both raiſing dreadfull clamors to the skie,
That valleis, hils, and riuers made rebound,
And heauen it ſelfe was frighted with the ſound.
Our battels both were pitcht in ſquadron forme,
Each corner ſtrongly fenſt with wings of ſhot,
But ere we ioynd and came to puſh of Pike,
I brought a ſquadron of our readieſt ſhot,
From out our reareward to begin the fight,
They brought another wing to encounter vs:
Meane while our ordinance plaied on either ſide,
And Captaines ſtroue to haue their valours tride.
Don Pedro their chiefe horſemens Colonell:
Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt,
To breake the order of our battell rankes.
But *Don Rogero* worthy man of warre, Marcht

Marcht foorth againſt him with our musketires,
And ſtopt the malice of his fell approch.
While they maintaine hot skirmiſh too and fro,
Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes.
Their violent ſhot reſembling th'oceans rage,
When roaring loude and with a ſwelling tide,
It beates vpon the rampiers of huge rockes,
And gapes to ſwallow neighbour bounding landes.
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke ſtormes of bullets ranne like winters haile,
And ſhiuered Launces darkt the troubled aire.

Pede pes & cuſpide cuſpis,
Anni ſonant annis, vir petit arque viro.

On euery ſide drop Captaines to the ground,
And ſouldiers ſome ill maimde, ſome ſlaine outright:
Heere falles a body ſcindered from his head,
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the graſſe,
Mingled with weapons and vnbowed ſteedes:
That ſcattering ouer ſpread the purple plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine battell made ſo great a breach,
That halfe diſmaide, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the Portingales young Prince,
Brought reſcue, and encouragde them to ſtay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* ſlaine.
Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*.
Yet while the Paince inſulting ouer him,
Breathd out proude vauntes, ſounding to our reproch,
Friendſhip and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marſhals ſonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince in ſingle fight:
Not long betweene theſe twaine the fight indurde,
But ſtraight the Prince was beaten from his horſe,
And forcit to yeelde him priſoner to his foe:

When

When he was taken, all the reſt they fled,
And our Carbines purſued them to the death,
Till *Phoebus* wauing to the weſterne deepe,
Our trumpeters were chargde to ſound retreat.

King. Thankes good L. Generall for theſe good newes,
And for ſome argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy ſoueraignes ſake.

Giues him his chaine.

But tell me now, haſt thou confirmd a peace?

Gen. No peace my Liege, but peace conditionall,
That if with homage tribute be well paid,
The furie of your forces will be ſtaide.
And to this peace their Viceroy hath ſubſcribde.

Giue the K. a paper.

And made a ſolemne vow that during life,
His tribute ſhalbe truely paid to Spaine.

King. Theſe words, theſe deedes, become thy perſon wel,
But now knight marſhall frolike with the king,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that battels prize.

Hiero. Long may he liue to ſerue my ſoueraigne liege,
And ſoone decay vnleſſe he ſerue my liege.

A Trumpet a farre off.

King. Nor thou nor he ſhall die without reward,
What meanes this warning of this trumpets ſound?

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reſeru'd from death,
Come marching on towardes your royall ſeate,
To ſhow themſelues before your Maieſtie,
For ſo I gaue in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonſtration ſhall appeare,
That all (except three hundred or few more)
Are ſafe returnd and by their foes inricht.

The Armie enters, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo and Horatio captiue.

King. A gladſome ſight, I long to ſee them heere.

They enter and paſſe by.

Was

was that the warlike Prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led;
Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.
King. But what was he that on the other ſide,
Helde him by th'arme as partner of the prize?
Hiero. That was my Sonne my gratious Soueraigne,
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughtes did neuer hope but well:
He neuer pleaſd his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouer cloying ioyes.
King. Goe let them march once more about theſe walles,
That ſtaying them we may conferre and talke,
With our braue priſoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaſeth vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a ſhare,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit. *Enter againe.*
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,
The reſt march on: but ere they be diſmiſt,
We will beſtow on euery ſouldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten, that they may know
Our largeſſe welcomes them.

Exeunt all but *Bal. Lor. Hor.*

Welcome *Don Balthazar*, welcome Nephew,
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome to:
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard miſdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deſerue but euill meaſure at our handes:
Yet ſhalt thou know that Spaine is honourable.
Balt. The treſpaſſe that my father made in peace,
Is now controlde by fortune of the warres:
And cardes once dealt, it boots not aske why ſo,
His men are ſlayne, a weakening to his Realme,
His colours ceazd, a blot vnto his name,
His Sonne diſtreſt, a corſiue to his hart,
Theſe puniſhmentes may cleare his late offence.
King. I *Balthazar*, if he obſerues this truce,

Our peace will grow the ſtronger for theſe warres:
Meane while liue thou as though not in libertie,
Yet from bearing any ſeruile yoake:
For in our hearing thy deſerts were great,
And in our ſight thy ſelfe art gratious.

Balt. And I ſhall ſtudie to deſerue this grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of theſe twaine art thou priſoner?

Lor. To me my Liege.

Hor. To me my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand firſt tooke the courſer by the raines.

Hor. But firſt my launce did put him from his horſe.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyd it firſt,

Hor. But firſt I forc'ſt him lay his weapons downe,

King. Let goe his arme vpon our priuilede.
Let him goe.
So worthie Prince, to whether didſt thou yeelde?

Bal. To him in curteſie, to this perforce:
He ſpake me faire, this other gaue me ſtrokes:
He promiſde life, this other threatned death:
He wan my loue, this other conquered me:
And truth to ſay, I yeeld my ſelfe to both.

Hiero. But that I know your Grace for iuſt and wiſe,
And might ſeeme partiall in this difference,
Inforſt by nature and by law of armes,
My tongue ſhould plead for young *Horatios* right.
He hunted well that was a Lyons death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marſhall thou ſhalt haue no wrong,
And for thy ſake thy Sonne ſhall want no right.
Will both abide the cenſure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardes.

Hor. Nor I, although I ſit beſide my right.

King. Then by my iudgement thus your ſtrife ſhall ende,
You both deſerue, and both ſhall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookſt his weapon and his horſe, His

His weapons and his horſe are thy rewarde.
Horatio, thou didſt force him firſt to yeeld,
His ranſome therefore is thy valours feet
Appoint the ſumme as you ſhall both agree.
But Nepew thou ſhalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine eſtate beſt fitteth ſuch a gueſt.
Horatios houſe were ſmall for all his traine,
Yet in regarde thy ſubſtance paſſeth his,
And that iuſt guerdon may befall deſert,
To him we yeeld the armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuiſe?

Balt. Right well my liege, if this prouizo were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for chiualrie.

King. *Horatio* leaue him not that loues thee ſo,
Now let vs hence to ſee our ſouldiers paid,
And feaſt our priſoner as our friendly gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

Vice. Is our Embaſſadour diſpatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two daies (my liege) are paſt ſince his depart.

Vice. And tribute paiment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then reſt we heere a while in our vnreſt.
And feed our ſorroweswith ſome inward ſighes,
For deepeſt cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore ſit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane.
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my ſtate deſerues.
Falles to the ground.
I, I, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seekes him whom fates adiudged to miſerie:
Heere let me lie, now am I at the loweſt.

Qui iacit in terra non habet vnde cadat,
In me conſumpſit vires fortuna nocendo,
Nil ſupereſt vt iam poſſit obeſſe magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Here take it now, let Fortune doe her worſt,
She will not rob me of this ſable weede:
O no, ſhe enuies none but pleaſant thinges,
Such is the follie of deſpitefull chance.
Fortune is blinde, and ſees not my deſertes.
So is ſhe deafe, and heares not my lamente::
And could ſhe heare, yet is ſhe wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my diſtreſſe.
Suppoſe that ſhe could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her handes?
Whoſe foote ſtanding on a rowling ſtone,
And minde more mutable then fickle windes.
Why waile I then wher's hope of no redreſſe?
O yes, complaining makes my griefe ſeeme leſſe,
My late ambition hath diſtaind my faith,
My breach of faith occoſiond bloudie warres,
Thoſe bloudie Warres haue ſpent my treaſure,
And with my treaſure my peoples bloud,
And with their bloud, my ioy and beſt beloued,
My beſt beloued, my ſweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to warre my ſelfe?
The cauſe was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greene,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt my liege but ſtill the Prince ſuruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I where?

Alex. In Spaine, a priſoner by miſchance of warre.

Vice. Then they haue ſlaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of armes.

Vice. They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ranſomes worth will ſtay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued the newes would ſoone be heere.

Alex. Nay euill newes will flie faſter ſtill than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Authour of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,
Mine hart growne hard gainſt miſchiefes batterie:
Stand vp I ſay and tell thy tale at large. (ſeene.
Villup. Then heare the trueth which theſe mine eyes haue
When both the armies were in battell ioynd,
Don Balthazar amidſt the thickeſt troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feates of armes:
Amongſt the reſt I ſaw him hand to hand
In ſingle fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* that heere counterfeites,
Vnder the colour of a duteous friend,
Diſcharged his Piſtoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue ſlaine their Generall,
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe,
And when he fell, then began we to flie:
But had he liued, the day had ſure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miſcreant.
Vice. Holde thou thy peace: but now *Villuppo* ſay,
Where then became the carkaſſe of my Sonne?
Villup. I ſaw them drag it to the Spaniſh tents.
Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this:
Thou falſe, vnkinde, vnthankfull traiterous beaſt,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou ſhouldſt thus betraie him to our foes?
Waſt Spaniſh gold that bleared ſo thine eies,
That thou couldſt ſee no part of our deſertes?
Perchance becauſe thou art *Terſeraes* Lord.
Thou hadſt ſome hope to were this Diademe,
If firſt my Sonne and then my ſelfe were ſlaine:
But thy ambitious thought ſhall breake thy necke,
I, this was it that made thee ſpill his bloud.
Take the Crowne and put it on againe.
But Ile now weare it till thy bloud be ſpilt.
Alex. Vouchſafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me ſpeake.
Vice. Away with him, his ſight is ſecond hell,

Keepe him till we determine of his death.
If *Balthazar* be dead, he ſhall not liue.
Villuppo follow vs for thy reward. *Exit Vice.*

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,
Deceiued the King, betraid mine enimie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houſe,
Wherein I muſt intreat thee to relate,
The circumſtaunce of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing was my garlands ſweeteſt flower,
And in his death hath buried my delightes.

Hor. For loue of him, and ſeruice to your ſelfe,
I nill refuſe this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and ſighes, I feare will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy Chauilier amidſt the thickſt,
For glorious cauſe, ſtill aiming at the faireſt,
Was at the laſt by young *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hartes were great, their clamors menacing,
Their ſtrengh alike, their ſtrokes both dangerous.
But wrathful *Nemeſis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praiſe, and wroth,
Cut ſhort his life to end his praiſe and worth,
She, ſhe her ſelfe diſguiſde in armours maſke,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*:)
Brought in freſh ſupplie of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horſe and dinged him to the ground:
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthleſſe rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes diſtreſſe,
Did finiſh what his halberdiers begun,
And left not til *Andreas* life was done.
Then though too late incenſt with iuſt remorce,
I with my band ſet forth againſt the Prince,
And brought him priſoner from his halberdiers.

Bel.

Bel. Would thou hadſt ſlaine him that ſo ſlew my loue.
But then was *Don Andreas* carcaſſe loſt?
Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly ſtroue,
Nor ſtept I backe til I recouered him:
I tooke him vp and wound him in mine armes.
And welding him vnto my priuate tent,
There laid him downe and dewd him with my teares,
And ſighed and ſorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly ſorow, ſighes nor teares,
Could win pale death from his vſurped right.
Yet this I did, and leſſe I could not doe:
I ſaw him honored with due funeral,
This ſcarfe pluckt off from his liueleſſe arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my friend.
Bel. I know the ſcarfe, would he had kept it ſtil,
For had he liued he would haue kept it ſtill,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* ſake:
For twas my fauour at his laſt depart.
But now weare thou it both for him and mee,
For after him thou haſt deſerued it beſt.
But for thy kindneſſe in his life and death,
Be ſuer while *Bel-imperias* life endures,
She wil be *Don Horatios* thankfull friend.
Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not ſlacke,
Humbly to ſerue faire *Bel-imperia*.
But now if your good liking ſtand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon to goe ſeeke the Prince,
For ſo the Duke your father gaue me charge. *Exit.*
Bel. I goe *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For ſolitude beſt fits my cheereles mood:
Yet what auailes to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my ſecond loue?
Had he not loued *Andrea* as he did,
He could not ſit in *Bel-imperias* thoughtes.
But how can loue finde harbour in my breſt,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.
Yes, ſecond loue ſhal further my reuenge. Ile

Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to ſpight the Prince that wrought his end.
And whete *Don Balthazar* that ſlew my loue,
Himſelfe now pleades for fauour at my handes,
He ſhall in rigour of my iuſt diſdaine,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deede:
For what waſt elſe but murderous cowardiſe,
So manie to oppreſſe one valiant Knight,
Without reſpect of honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Siſter, what meanes this melancholie walke?
Bel. That for a while I wiſh no companie.
Lor. But heere the Prince is come to viſite you.
Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.
Bal. No Madame, but in pleaſing ſeruitude.
Bel. Your priſon then belike is your conceite.
Bal. I by conceite my freedome is enthralde,
Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your ſelfe againe.
Bal. What if conceite haue laide my hart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed and recouer it.
Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.
Bel. A hartles man and liue? A miracle.
Bal. I Ladie, Loue can worke ſuch miracles.
Lor. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, let goe theſe ambages,
And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.
Bel. What bootes complaint, when theres no remedie?
Bal. Yes, to your gracious ſelfe muſt I complaine,
In whoſe faire anſwere lyes my remedie,
On whoſe perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whoſe aſpect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,
In whoſe tranſlucent breſt my hart is lodgde.
Bel. Alas my Lord, theſe are but wordes of courſe,
And but deuiſde to driue me from this place.

She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio *comming out, takes vp.*

Hor. Madame your Glouc.

Bel.

Bel. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paynes.
Bal. Signior *Horatio* ſtoopt in happie time.
Hor. I reapt more grace then I deſeru'd or hop'd.
Lor. My Lord, be not diſmaid for what is paſt,
You know that women oft are humorous:
Theſe cloudes will ouerblow with litle winde,
Let me alone, Ile ſcatter them my ſelfe:
Meane while let vs deuiſe to ſpnde the time,
In ſome delightfull ſportes and reuelling.
Hor. The King my Lord is comming hither ſtraight,
To feaſt the Portugall Embaſſadour,
Thinges were in readineſſe before I came.
Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attende the King,
To welcome hither our Embaſſadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health,
Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embaſſadour.
King. See Lord Embaſſadour, how Spaine intreates,
Their priſoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes ſonne,
We pleaſure more in kindneſſe then in warres.
Embaſ. Sad is our King, and Portugall lamentes,
Suppoſing that *Don Balthazar* is ſlaine.
Bal. So am I ſlaine by beauties tyrannie:
You ſee my Lord how *Balthazar* is ſlaine.
I frolike with the Duke of *Caſtiles* Sonne,
Wrapt euery houre in pleaſures of the Court,
And graſte with fauours of his Maieſtie.
King. Put off your greetings till our feaſt be done,
Now come and ſit with vs and taſte our cheere.
Sit to the banquet.
Sit downe young Prince, you are our ſecond gueſt:
Brother ſit downe, and Nephew take your place,
Signior *Horatio* waite thou vpon our cup,
For well thou haſt deſerued to be honoured.
Now Lordings fall too, Spaine is Portugall,
And Portugall is Spaine, we both are friendes,
Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right.

But where is olde *Hieronimo* our Marſhall?
He promiſed vs in honour of our gueſt,
To grace our banquet with ſome pompous ieſt.
Enter Hieronimo *With a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutchin: then he fetches three Kinges, they take their Crownes and them captiue.*
Hieronimo, this Maske contentes mine eye,
Although I ſound not well the myſterie.
Hiero. The firſt armd Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scucchin and giues it to the King.
Was Engliſh *Robert* Earle of Gloceſter,
Who when King *Stephen* bore ſway in Albion,
Arriued with fiue and twentie thouſand men,
In Portingale, and by ſucceſſe of warre,
Enforced the King then but a Saraſin,
To beare the yoake of the Engliſh Monarchie.
King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you ſee,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late diſcomfort ſeeme the leſſe.
But ſay *Hieronimo*, what was the next?
Hiero. The ſecond Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He *doth as he did before.*
Was *Edmond* Earle of Kent in Albion,
When Engliſh *Richard* wore the Diadem.
He came likewiſe and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other ſuch like ſeruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.
King. This is another ſpeciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by litle England hath been yoakt:
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the laſt?
Hiero. The third and laſt, not leaſt in our account,
Doing as before.
Was as the reſt a valiant Engliſh-man,
Braue *Iohn of Gaunt* the Duke of Lancaſter.

As by his Scurchin plainly may appeare.
He with a puiſſant armie came to *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Caſtile* priſoner.
Embaſſ. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spaine* may not inſult for her ſucceſſe,
Since *Engliſh* warriours likewiſe conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.
King. *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleaſde both the Embaſſadour and me:
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the king.
Takes the cup of Horatio.
My Lord, I feare we ſit but ouerlong,
Vnleſſe our dainties were more delicate.
But welcome are you to the beſt we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be diſpatcht,
I thinke our Counſell is alreadie ſet. *Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To ſee him feaſt that gaue me my deathes wound?
Theſe pleaſant ſights are ſorrow to my ſoule,
Nothing but league, and loue, and banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be ſtill *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their friendſhip into fell deſpight:
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into diſpaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their bliſſe to miſerie.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* ſeeme thus coy,
Let reaſon holde you in your wonted ioy:
In time the ſauage Bull ſuſtaines the yoake,

In time all haggard Hawkes will ſtoope to lure,
In time ſmall wedges cleaue the hardeſt Oake,
In time the flint is pearſt with ſofteſt ſhower,
And ſhe in time will fall from her diſdaine,
And rue the ſufferance of your friendly paine.
Bal. No, ſhe is wilder and more hard withall,
Then beaſt, or bird, or tree, or ſtonie wall.
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name?
It is my fault, not ſhe that merites blame.
My feature is not to content her ſight,
My wordes are rude and worke her no delight.
The lines I ſend her are but harſh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marſias* quill:
My preſents are not of ſufficient coſt,
And being worthleſſe all my labours loſt:
Yet might ſhe loue me for my valiancie,
I, but thats ſlaundered by captiuitie.
Yet might ſhe loue me to content her ſire:
I, but her reaſon maiſters his deſire.
Yet might ſhe loue me as her brothers friend:
I, but her hopes aime at ſome other end.
Yet might ſhe loue me to vpreare her ſtate:
I, but perhaps ſhe hopes ſome nobler mate.
Yet might ſhe loue me as her beauteous thrall,
I, but I feare ſhe can not loue at all.
Lor. My Lord, for my ſake leaue theſe extaſies,
And doubt not but weele finde ſome remedie,
Some cauſe there is that lets you not be loued:
Firſt that muſt needes be knowne, and then remooued.
What if my ſiſter loue ſome other Knight?
Bal. My ſommers day will turne to winters night.
Lor. I haue alreadie found a ſtratageme,
To found the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you ſhall be rulde by me,
Haue let me not what ere you heare or ſee.
By force or faire meanes will I caſt about,
To finde the trueth of all this queſtion out.

Ho *Pedringano.*

Ped. Signior.

Lor. Vien que preſto.

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Hath your Lordſhip anie ſeruice to command me?

Lor. I *Pedringano*, ſeruice of import.
And not to ſpende the time in trifling wordes.
Thus ſtandes the caſe: it is not long thou knoweſt,
Since I did ſhield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue:
For which thou wert adiudged to puniſhment,
I ſtood betwixt thee and thy puniſhment:
And ſince, thou knoweſt how I haue ſauoured thee.
Now to theſe fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire wordes, but ſtore of golden coyne,
And landes and liuing ioynd with dignities,
If thou but ſatisfie my iuſt demaund.
Tell trueth and haue me for thy laſting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordſhip ſhall demaund,
My bounden duetie bids me tell the trueth:
If caſe it lie in me to tell the trueth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano* this is my demaund,
Whom loues my ſiſter *Bel-imperia?*
For ſhe repoſeth all her truſt in thee:
Speake man, and giane both friendſhip and reward:
I meane, whom loues ſhe in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas my Lord, ſince *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before,
And therefore know not if ſhe loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dallie, then I am thy foe,
And feare ſhall force what friendſhip cannot winne.
Thy death ſhall burie what thy life conceales:
Thou dieſt, for more eſteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh ſtay my Lord.

Lor. Yet ſpeake the trueth, and I will guerdon thee,
And ſhield thee from what euer can enſue.

And wil conceale what ere proceedes from thee,
But if thou dallie once againe, thou dieſt:
Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue.
Lor. What villaine ifs and ands?
Ped. O ſtay my Lord, ſhe loues *Horatio.*
Balthazar ſtarts backe.
Lor. What *Don Horatio* our knight Marſhals ſonne?
Ped. Euen him my Lord.
Lor. Now ſay, but how knoweſt thou he is her loue?
And thou ſhalt finde me kinde and liberall:
Stand vp I ſay, and feareleſſe tell the trueth.
Ped. She ſent him letters which my ſelfe peruſde,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar.*
Lor. Sweare on this croſſe, that what thou ſaieſt is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou haſt tolde.
Ped. I ſweare to both by him that made vs all.
Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward,
But if I prooue thee periurde and vniuſt,
This verie ſword whereon thou tookeſt thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.
Ped. What I haue ſaid is true, and ſhall for me,
Be ſtil conceald from *Bel-imperia.*
Beſides your Honors liberalitie,
Deſerues my duteous ſeruice, euen till death.
Lor. Let this be all that thou ſhalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where theſe louers meete,
And giue me notice in ſome ſecret ſort.
Ped. I will my Lord.
Lor. Then ſhalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knoweſt that I can more aduance thy ſtate,
Then ſhe, be therefore wiſe and faile me not.
Goe and attend her as thy cuſtome is,
Leaſt abſence make her thinke thou doeſt amiſſe.
Exit *Pedringano.*
Why ſo: *Tam armis quam ingenio:*
Where words preuaile not, violence preuailes, But

But gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this ſtratageme?
Bal. Both wel, and ill: it makes me glad and ſad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue,
Sad, that I feare ſhe hates me whom I loue.
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged,
Sad, that ſheele flie me if I take reuenge.
Yet muſt I take reuenge or dye my ſelfe,
For loue reſiſted growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my deſtinde plague,
Firſt in his hand he brandiſhed a ſword,
And with that ſword he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre he gaue me dangerous woundes,
And by thoſe woundes he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding I became his ſlaue.
Now in his mouth he carries pleaſing words,
which pleaſing wordes doe harbour ſweete conceites,
which ſweete conceites are limde with ſlie deceites,
which ſlie deceites ſmooth *Bel-imperias* eares,
And through her eares diue downe into her heart,
And in her heart ſet him where I ſhould ſtand.
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by ſleight would captiuate my ſoule:
But in his fall Ile tempt the deſteuies,
And either looſe my life, or winne my loue.
Lor. Lets goe my Lord, your ſtaying ſtayes reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your loue.
Her fauour muſt be wonne by his remoue. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia.*

Hor. Now Madame, ſince by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden ſmoke is turnd to open flame:
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughtes,
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.
Thus in the midſt of loues faire blandiſhmentes,
Why ſhew you ſigne of inward languiſhmentes.

Pedringano

Pedringano ſheweth all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in ſecret.

Bel. My hart (ſweete friend) is like a Ship at ſea,
She wiſheth port, where riding all at eaſe,
She made repaire what ſtormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the ſhore may ſing with ioy,
That p'eaſure ſoliow paine, and bliſſe annoy.
Poſſeſſion of thy loue is th'oneſy port,
Wherein my hart with feares and hopes long toſt,
Each houre doth wiſh and long to make reſort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath loſt:
And ſitting ſafe to ſing in *Cupids* quire,
That ſweeteſt bliſſe is crowne of loues deſire,
Balthazar aboue.

Bal. O ſleepe mine eyes, ſee not my loue prophande,
Be deafe my eares, heare not my diſcontent.
Die hart, another ioyes what thou deſerueſt.

Lor. Watch ſtill mine eyes, to ſee the loue diſioynd,
Heare ſtill mine eares, to heare them both lament,
Leaue hart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why ſtandes *Horatio* ſpeechleſſe all this while?

Hor. The leſſe I ſpeake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon boeſt thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers paſt, and pleaſure to enſue.

Bal. On pleaſures paſt, and dangers to enſue.

Bel. What dangers, & what pleaſures doeſt thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleaſures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleaſures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre ſhalbe with me,
But ſuch a warring, as breakes no bond of peace.
Speake thou faire wordes, Ile croſſe them with faire wordes.
Sende thou ſweete lookes, Ile meete them with ſweete looks.
Write louing lines, Ile anſwere louing lines.
Giue me a kiſſe, Ile counterchecke thy kiſſe,
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gratious Madame, then appoynt the field,
Where triall of this warre ſhall firſt be made,

Bal.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes?
Bel. Then by thy fathers pleaſant bower the field,
Where firſt we vowde a mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous, that place is ſafe:
Our houre ſhalbe when *Veſper* gi:nes to riſe,
That ſummons home diſtreſfull trauellers.
There none ſhall heare vs but the harmeles birdes,
Happely the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs a ſleepe ere we be ware.
And ſinging with the prickle at her breſt,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance,
Till then each houre will ſeeme a yeere and more:
Hor. But honie ſweete, and honourable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers ſight,
Dangerous ſuſpition waites on our delight.
Lor. I, danger mixt with iealous deſpite,
Shall ſende thy ſoule into eternall night. *Exeunt*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embaſſadour, Don Ciprian. &c.

King. Brother of *Caſtile*, to the Princes loue:
What ſayes your daughter *Bel-imperia?*
Cip. Although ſhe coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet diſſemble that ſhe loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will ſtoope in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him, or forgoe my loue.
King. Then Lord Embaſſadour of Portingale,
Aduiſe thy King to make this marriage vp,
For ſtrengthening of our late confirmed league,
I know no better meanes to make vs friendes.
Her dowrie shall be large and liberall,
Beſides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother heere *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enioy the moitie of his land.
Ile grace her mariage with an vnckles gift.

And this it is, in caſe the match go forward,
The tribute which you pay ſhallbe releaſt,
And if by *Balthazar* ſhe haue a ſonne,
He ſhall enioy the kingdome after vs.
Embaſ. Ile make the motion to our ſoueraigne liege,
And worke it if my counſaile may preuaile.
King. Doe ſo my Lord, and if he giue conſent,
I hope his preſence heere wil honour vs,
In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let himſelfe determine of the time.
Em. Wilt pleaſe your grace to command me ought beſide?
King. Commend me to the king, and ſo farewel.
But wheres Prince *Balthazar* to take his leaue?
Em. That is performd alreadie my good Lord:
King. Amongſt the reſt of what you haue in charge,
The Princes raunſome muſt not be forgot:
Thats none of mine, but his that tooke him priſoner,
And well his forwardnes deſerues reward.
It was *Horatio* our knight marſhals ſonne,
Em. Betweene vs theres a price alreadie pitcht,
And ſhalbe ſent with all conuenient ſpeed.
King. Then once againe farewell my Lord.
Em. Farewell my Lord of Caſtile and the reſt. *Exit.*
King. Now brother, you muſt take ſome little paines,
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:
Young Virgins muſt be ruled by their friendes,
The Prince is amiable and loues her well,
If ſhe neglect him and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne eſtate and ours:
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greateſt pleaſure that our Court affoords,
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thoughtes,
If ſhe giue backe, all this wil come to naught. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and *Pedringano.*

Hor. Now that the night begins with ſable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightneſſe of the Sunne,
And that in darknes pleaſures may be done:

Come

Come *Bel-imperia* let vs to the bower,
And there in ſafetie paſſe a pleaſant hower:
Bel. I follow thee my loue, and wil not backe,
Although my fainting heart controles my ſoule.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* fayth?
Bel. No, he is as truſtie as my ſecond ſelfe.
Goe *Pedringano* watch without the gate,
And let vs know if anie make approch.
Ped. In ſteed of watching ile deſerue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*
Hor. What meanes my loue?
Bel. I know not what my ſelfe:
And yet my heart foretels me ſome miſchance.
Hor. Sweet ſay not ſo, faire fortune is our friend,
And heauens haue ſhut vp day to pleaſure vs.
The ſtarres thou ſeeſt hold back their twinckling ſhine,
And *Luna* hides her ſelfe to pleaſure vs.
Bel. Thou haſt preuaild, ile conquer my miſdoubt:
And in thy loue and councel drowne my feare:
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughtes.
Why ſit we not, for pleaſure asketh eaſe?
Hor. The more thou ſitſt within theſe leauy bowers,
The more wil *Flora* decke it with her flowers.
Bel. I but if *Flora* ſpie *Horatio* heere.
Her iealous eye will thinke I ſit too neere.
Hor. Harke Madame how the birdes record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* ſits in ſight.
Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame ſweet muſicke to *Horatios* tale.
Hor. If *Cupid* ſing, then *Venus* is not farre,
I, thou art *Venus* or ſome fairer ſtarre,
Bel. If I be *Venus* thou muſt needes be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* raigneth, there muſt needes be warre.
Hor. Then thus begin our warres, put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
Bel. Set forth thy foote to trie the puſh of mine.

Hor. But firſt my lookes ſhall combat againſt thine,
Bel. Then ward thy ſelfe, I dart this kiſſe at thee.
Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threwſt at me.
Bel. Nay then to gaine the glorie of the fielde,
My twining armes ſhall yoake and make thee yeelde.
Hor. Nay then my armes are large and ſtrong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compaſt till they fall.
Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now maiſt thou read that life in paſſion dies.
Hor. O ſtay awhile and I will die with thee,
So ſhalt thou yeelde, and yet haue conquered me.
Bel. Whoſe there *Pedringano?* We are betrayde.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano, diſguiſed.

Lor. My Lord away with her, take her aſide,
O ſir forbeare, your valour is alreadie tride.
Quickly diſpatch my maiſters.

They hang him in the Arbor.

Hor. What will you murder me?
Lor. I thus, and thus: theſe are the fruites of loue.

They ſtab him.

Bel. O ſaue his life, and let mee die for him:
O ſaue him brother, ſaue him *Balthazar*,
I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.
Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.
Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the higheſt now he is dead.
Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo* helpe.
Lor. Come ſtop her mouth, away with her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo *in his ſhirt. &c.*

Hiero. What outcries plucke me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing hart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before:
Who cals *Hieronimo?* ſpeake, heere I am,
I did not ſlumber, therefore twas no dreame,

No,

No, no, it was ſome woman cride for help.
And heere within the garden did ſhe crie.
And in this garden muſt I reſcue her:
But ſtay, what murderous ſpectacle is this?
A man hanged vp and all the murderers gone,
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me:
This place was made for pleaſure, not for death.
He cuts him downe.
Thoſe garmentes that he weares I oft haue ſeene,
Alas it is *Horatio* my ſweete ſonne,
O no, but he that whilome was my ſonne.
O was it thou that call'dſt me from my bed,
O ſpeake if anie ſparke of life remaine.
I am thy father: Who hath ſlaine my ſonne?
What ſauadge monſter, not of humane kinde,
Heere hath been glutted with thy harmeles blood?
And left thy bloudie corpes diſhonoured heere,
For me amidſt this darke and deathfull ſhades,
To drowne thee with an ocean of my teares.
O heauens, why made you night to couer ſinne?
By day this deed of darknes had not beene.
O earth why didſt thou not in time deuoure,
The vilde prophaner of this ſacred bower.
O poore *Horatio*, what hadſt thou miſdone?
To leeſe thy life ere life was new begun,
O wicked butcher what ſo ere thou wert.
How could thou ſtrangle vertue and deſert?
Ay me moſt wretched that haue loſt my ioy,
In leeſing my *Horatio* my ſweete boy.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. My husbands abſence makes my heart to throb,
Hieronimo.

Hiero. Heere *Iſabella*, helpe me to lament,
For ſighes are ſtopt, and al my teares are ſpent.

Iſa. What world of griefe, my ſonne *Horatio*?
O wheres the author of this endleſſe woe,

Hiero. To know the author were ſome eaſe of griefe,
For in reuenge my heart would find reliefe
Iſa. Then is he gone? and is my ſonne gone too?
O guſh out teares, fountaines and flouds of teares,
Blow ſighes and raiſe an euerlaſting ſtorme.
For outrage fits our curſed wretchedneſſe.
Hiero. Sweete louely Roſe, ill pluckt before thy time,
Faire worthy ſonne, not conquered but betraid:
Ile kiſſe thee now, for wordes with teares are ſtaind.
Iſa. And ile cloſe vp the glaſſes of his ſight,
For once theſe eyes were onely my delight,
Hiero. Seeſt thou this handkercher beſmerd with bloud,
It ſhall not from me till I take reuenge:
Seeſt thou thoſe woundes that yet are bleeding freſh,
Ile not intombe them till I haue reuengde:
Then will I ioy amidſt my diſcontent,
Till then my ſorrow neuer ſhalbe ſpent.
Iſa. The heauens are iuſt, murder cannot be hid,
Time is the authour both of trueth and right.
And time wil bring this trecherie to light.
Hiero. Meane while good *Iſabella* ceaſe thy plaintes,
Or at the leaſt diſſemble them a while.
So ſhal we ſooner finde the practiſe out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Iſabell* now let vs take him vp,
They take him vp.
And beare him in from out this curſed place,
Ile ſay his dirge, ſinging fits not this cale.
O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educet herbas,
Hiero. ſets his breſt vnto his ſword.
Miſceat & noſtro detur medicina dolori:
Aut ſi qui faciunt animum oblimia ſuccos,
Prebeat, ipſe metum magnum quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras.
Ipſe bibam quicquid meditatur ſaga veneni,
Quicquid & irrani cuccaca menia nectit.

Omnia:

Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum ſemel omnis,
Noſter in extincto moriatur pectore ſenſus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam(mea vita)videbo,
Et tua perpetuus ſepeliuit lumina ſomnus:
Emoriar tecum ſic, Sic iuuat ire ſub vmbras,
At tamen ab ſiſtam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla ſequatur.

Heere he throwes it from him and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Brought thou me hither to increaſe my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* ſhould haue been ſlaine:
But tis my freend *Horatio* that is ſlaine:
And they abuſe faire *Bel-imperia*,
On whom I doted more then all the world.
Becauſe ſhe loud me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkeſt of harueſt when the corne is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done?
The Sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be ſtill, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile ſhew thee *Balthazar* in heauy caſe.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Viceroy.

INfortunate condition of Kinges,
Seated amidſt ſo many helpeles doubts:
Firſt we are plaſt vpon extreameſt height,
And oft ſupplanted with exceeding hate,
But euer ſubiect to the wheele of chance:
And at our higheſt, neuer ioy we ſo,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So ſtriueth not the waues with ſundry windes,
As fortune toyleth in the affaires of Kinges,

That

That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie:
For inſtance Lordings looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his deareſt ſonne,
The onely hope of our ſucceſsiue line.
Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* hart,
Had beene enuenomde with ſuch extreame hate,
But now I ſee that words haue ſeuerall workes,
And theres no credit in the countenance.
Vil. No, for my Lord, had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in campe conſorted *Balthazar*.
Far more inconſtant had you thought the Sunne,
That howerly coaſts the center of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpoſe to the Prince.
Vice. No more *Villuppo*, thou haſt ſaid enough,
And with thy words thou ſlaieſt our wounded thoughts,
Nor ſhall I longer dally with the world,
Procraſtinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe ſome of you and fetch the traitor forth,
That as he is condemned he may dye,

Enter Alexandro with a Noble man and halberts.

Nob. In ſuch extreames, will nought but patience ſerue,
Alex But in extreames, what patience ſhall I vſe?
Nor diſcontents it me to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.
Nob. Yet hope the beſt.
Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope.
As for the earth it is too much infect,
To yeelde me hope of any of her mould.
Vice. Why linger ye? bring foorth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accurſed deede.
Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
For Nobles cannot ſtoope to ſeruile feare,
Doe I (O King) thus diſcontented liue.

But this, O this tormentes my labouring ſoule,
That thus I die ſuſpected of a ſinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my ſecret thoughtes,
So am I free from this ſuggeſtion,
Vice. No more I ſay, to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in thoſe flames,
They binde him to the ſtake.
That ſhall prefigure thoſe vnquenched fires,
Of Phlegion prepared for his ſoule.
Alex. My guiltleſſe death will be auengde on thee,
On thee *Villuppo*, that hath maliſde thus,
Or for thy meede, haſt falſely me accuſde.
Villup Nay *Alexandro* if thou menace me,
Ile lende a hand to ſende thee to the lake,
Where thoſe thy wordes ſhall periſh with thy workes,
Iniurious traitour, monſtrous homicide.
Enter Embaſſadour.
Stay, holde awhile, and heere with pardon of his Maieſtie,
Lay handes vpon *Villuppo*. (entrance?
Vice. Embaſſadour, what newes hath vrg'd this ſodaine
Embaſ. Know Soueraigne I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.
Vice What ſayeſt thou? liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?
Emba. Your highneſſe ſonne, L. *Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commendes him to your Maieſtie.
Theſe eyes beheelde, and theſe my followers,
With theſe the letters of the Kinges commende,
Giues him Letters.
Are happie witneſſes of his highneſſe health.
The King lookes on the Letters, and proceedes.
Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your tribute is receiu'd,
Thy peace is made, and we are ſatisfied:
The reſt reſolue vpon, as thinges propoſde,
For both our honors and thy benefite.
Emb. Theſe are his Highneſſe farther Articles.
He giues him more Letters.

Vice. Accurſed wretch to intimate theſe illes,
Againſt the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: come my Lord vnbinde him,
Let him vnbinde thee that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy diſcontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindneſſe you could do no leſſe,
Vpon report of ſuch a damned fact:
But thus we ſee our innocencie hath ſaued
The hopeleſſe life which thou *Villuppo* ſought,
By thy ſuggeſtions to haue maſſacred.

Vice. Say falſe *Villuppo*, wherefore didſt thou thus
Falſly betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knoweſt, that no vnkindneſſe els,
But euen the ſlaughter of our decreſt ſonne,
Could once haue mouedvs to haue miſconceiued.

Alex. Say trecherous *Villuppo*, tel the king,
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vſed thee ill?

Villup. Rent with remembrance of ſo foule a deed,
My guiltie ſoule ſubmits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
But, for reward, and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I ſhameleſly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine ſhalbe ranſomed with thy death,
And not ſo meane a torment as we heere,
Deuiſde for him, who thou ſaidſt ſlew our ſonne:
But with the bittereſt tormentes and extreames,
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. ſeemes to intreat.

Intreat me not, go take the traitor hence. *Exit Vil.*
And *Alexandro* let vs honour thee,
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end thoſe thinges articulated heere,
By our great *L.* the mightie king of Spaane.
We with our councell will deliberate.
Come *Alexandro* keepe vs companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo. *Hiero.*

Hiero. Oh eies, no eies but fountaines fraught with teares;
Oh life, no life, but liuely fourme of death:
Oh world, no world but maſſe of publique wronges.
Confuſde and filde, with murder and miſdeedes,
Oh ſacred heauens, if this vnhallowed deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my ſonne,
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuenged paſſe,
How ſhould we tearme your dealings to be iuſt,
If you vniuſtly deale with thoſe, that in your iuſtice truſt.
The night ſad ſecretarie to my mones,
With direful viſions make my vexed ſoule,
And with the woundes of my diſtreſful ſonne,
Solicite me for notice of his death.
The ougly feends do ſallie forth of hell,
And frame my ſteps to vnfrequented pathes,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughtes.
The cloudie day my diſcontents recordes,
Early begins to regiſter my dreames,
And driue me forth to ſeeke the murtherer.
Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
See, ſearch, ſhew, ſend ſome man,
Some meane, that may:

A Letter falleth.

Whats heere? a Letter, tuſh, it is not ſo,
A Letter written to *Hieronimo*. *Red incke.*
Bel. For want of Incke, receiue this bloudie writ:
Mee hath my haples brother hid from thee,
Reuenge thy ſelfe on *Balthazar* and him:
For theſe were they that murdred thy Sonne.
Hieronimo, reuenge *Horatios* death,
And better fare then *Bel-imperia* doth.
Hiero. What meanes this vnexpected miracle?
My Sonne ſlaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.
What cauſe had they *Horatio* to maligne?

Or what might moue thee *Bel-imperia*,
To accuſe thy brother, had he been the meane?
Hieronimo beware, thou art betraide,
And to intrap thy life this traine is laide.
Aduiſe thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is deuiſed to endanger thee,
That thou by this *Lorenzo* ſhouldſt accuſe,
And he for thy diſhonour done, ſhould draw
Thy life in queſtion, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death behoues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue t'effect thy reſolution.
I therefore will by circumſtances trie,
What I can gather to confirme this writ,
And harkning neere the Duke of Caſtiles houſe,
Cloſe if I can with *Bel-imperia*,
To liſten more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.
Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.
Hiero. Wheres thy Lady?
Ped. I know not, heeres my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, *Hieronimo*?
Hiero. My Lord.
Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.
Lor. What to doe *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon ſome diſgrace a while remœoued her hence,
But if it be ought I may enforme her off,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.
Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thanke you, it ſhall not need,
I had a ſute vnto her, but too late,
And her diſgrace makes me vnfortunate.
Lor. Why ſo *Heronimo*? vſe me.
Hie. O no my Lord, I dare not, it muſt not be.
I humbly thanke your Lordſhip. *Lor.*

Lor. Why then farewell.
Hier. My griefe no hart, my thoughts no tong can tell. *Exit.*
Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, ſeeſt thou this?
Ped. My Lord, I ſee it, and ſuſpect it too.
Lor. This is that damned villain *Serberine*.
That hath I feare reuealde *Horatios* death.
Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas ſo lately done,
And ſince he hath not left my companie.
Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's ſuch,
As feare or flattering wordes may make him falſe.
I know his humour, and there with repent,
That ere I vſde him in this enterpriſe.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worſt,
And cauſe I know thee ſecret as my ſoule,
Heere for thy further ſatisfaction take thou this.
Giues him more gold.
And hearken to me, thus it is diſguiſde:
This night thou muſt, and prethee ſo reſolue,
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Liugis* Parke,
Thou knoweſt tis heere hard by behinde the houſe,
There take thy ſtand, and ſee thou ſtrike him ſure,
For die he muſt, if we do meane to liue.
Ped. But how ſhall *Serberine* be there my Lord?
Lor. Let me alone, Ile ſende to him to meete
The Prince and me, where thou muſt doe this deede.
Ped. It ſhable done my L. it ſhalbe done,
And Ile goe arme my ſelfe to meete him theere.
Lor. When thinges ſhall alter, as I hope they will,
Then ſhalt thou mount for this, thou knowſt my minde.
Exit Peda.

Che le Ieron. *Enter Page.*

Page. My Lord.
Lor. Goe ſirra to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith,
Meete the Prince and me at *S. Liugis* Parke,
Behinde the houſe, this euening boy.
Page. I goe my Lord.

But ſirra, let the houre be eight a clocke.
Bid him not faile.
Page. I flie my Lord. *Exit.*
Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou haſt caſt,
Of all theſe practiſes, Ile ſpread the watch,
Vpon preciſe commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night ſhall murder haples *Serberine.*
This muſt we worke that will auoyde diſtruſt.
Thus muſt we practiſe to preuent miſhap.
And thus one ill, another muſt expulſe. (tion,
This ſlie inquirie of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breedes ſuſpi-
And this ſuſpition boades a further ill.
As for my ſelfe, I know my ſecret fault,
And ſo do they, but I haue dealt for them.
They that for coyne their ſoules endangered
To ſaue my liue, for coyne ſhall venture theirs:
And better tis that baſe companions die,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor ſhall they liue for me, to feare their faith:
Ile truſt my ſelfe, my ſelfe ſhalbe my friende,
For die they ſhall, ſlaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Piſtoll.

Now *Pedringano* bid thy Piſtoll holde,
And holde on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but ſucceſſe to mine attempting ſpirit,
And let me ſhift for taking of mine aime:
Heere is the golde, this is the golde propoſde,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is poſſeſt thereof.
And he that would not ſtraine his conſcience,
For him that thus his liberall purſe hath ſtretcht,
Vnworthy ſuch a fauour may he faile,
And wiſhing, want when ſuch as I preuaile.
As for the feare of apprehenſion,

I know

I know, if neede ſhould be, my noble Lord
Will ſtand betweene me and enſuing harmes.
Beſides, this place is free from all ſuſpect:
Heere therefore will I ſtay and take my ſtand.

Enter the watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expreſly chargde to watch?

2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.

3 But we were neuer woont to watch nor ward,
So neere the Duke his brothers houſe before.

2 Content your ſelfe, ſtand cloſe, ther's ſomewhat int.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine* attend and ſtay thy pace,
For here did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoynt,
That thou by his command ſhouldſt meete with him.
How fit a place if one were ſo diſpoſde,
Me thinkes this corner is to cloſe with one.

Ped. Heere comes the birde that I muſt ceaze vpon.
Now *Pedringano* or neuer play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordſhip ſtayes ſo long.

Or wherefore ſhould he ſend for me ſo late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou ſhalt ha'te.

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lyes, my promiſe is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Piſtol ſhot.

2 And heeres one ſlaine, ſtay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the ſorrowes of the ſoules in hell,

He ſtriues with the watch.

Who firſt laies hand on me, ile be his Prieſt,

3 Sirra, confeſſe, and therein play the Prieſt,
Why haſt thou thus vnkindely kild the man?

Ped. Why, becauſe he walkt abroad ſo late.

3 Come ſir, you had been better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this miſdeed ſo late.

2 Come to the Marſhals with the murderer.

I On to *Hieronimos*, helpe me heere,
To bring the murdred body with vs too.
Ped. *Hieronimo*, carry me before whom you will,
What ere he be ile anſwere him and you,
And doe your worſt, for I defie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you riſe ſo ſoone?
Hor. Feare of preuenting our miſhaps too late.
Bal. What miſchiefe is it that we not miſtruſt?
Lor. Our greateſt illes, we leaſt miſtruſt my Lord,
And inexpected harmes do hurt vs moſt.
Bal. Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour and your owne?
Lor. Nor you nor me my Lord, but both in one.
For I ſuſpect, and the preſumptions great,
That by thoſe baſe confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betraide to olde *Hieronimo*.
Bal. Betraide *Lorenzo*, tuſh it cannot be.
Lor. A guiltie conſcience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, eaſily cannot erre:
I am perſwaded, and diſſwade me not,
That als reueald to *Hieronimo*.
And therefore know that I haue caſt it thus:
But heeres the *Page*, how now, what newes with thee?
Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is ſlaine.
Bal. Who? *Serberine* my man.
Page. Your highneſſe man my Lord.
Hor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. Who?
Page. *Pedringano*.
Bal. Is *Serberine* ſlaine that loued his Lord ſo well?
Iurious villaine, murderer of his friend:
Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?
My Lord, let me intreate you to take the paines,

To exaſperate and haſten his reuenge.
With your complaints vnto the L. the King.
This their diſſention breedes a greater doubt.

Bal. Aſſure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he ſhall die,
Or els his highnes hardly ſhall denie.
Meane while, Ile haſte the Marſhall Seſsions:
For die he ſhall for this his damned deed.

Exit Balt.

Lor. Why ſo, this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wiſe to deale.
I lay the plot, he proſecutes the point,
I ſet the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,
And ſees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Muſt looke like fowlers to their deareſt friendes.
He runnes to kill whom I haue hope to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to truſt vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themſelues their ſecretes will reueale.

Enter a Meſſenger with a letter.

Lor. Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Lor. Whats he?
Meſ. I haue a letter to your Lordſhip.
Lor. From whence?
Meſ. From *Pedringano* that's impriſoned,
Lor. So, he is in priſon then?
Meſ. I my good Lord.
Lor. What would he with vs?
He writes vs heere to ſtand good L. and helpe him in diſtres.
Tell him I haue his letters, know his minde.
And what we may let him aſſure him of.
Fellow, be gone, my Boy ſhall follow thee.

Exit Meſ.

This workes like waxe, yet once more trie thy wits.

Boy, go conuaie this purſe to *Pedringano*,
Thou knoweſt the priſon, cloſelie giue it him:
And be aduiſde that none be there about.
Bid him be merrie ſtill, but ſecret:
And though the Marſhall Seſſions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.
Tell him his pardon is alreadie ſignde,
And thereon bid him boldly be reſolued:
For were he readie to be turned off,
As tis my will the vttermoſt be tride:
Thou with his pardon ſhalt attende him ſtill,
Shew him this Boxe, tell him his pardons int,
But open not, and if thou loueſt thy life:
But let him wiſely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
He ſhall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page. I goe my Lord, I runne.

Lor. But ſirra, ſee that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page.*

Now ſtandes our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or neuer endes *Lorenzos* doubts,
One onely thing is vneffected yet,
And thats to ſee the Executioner,
But to what ende? I liſt not truſt the aire
With vtterance of our pretence therein,
For feare the priuie whiſpering of the winde,
Conuay our wordes amongſt vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio Il neſſun le ſa,
Intendo io quel mi baſſara. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maiſter hath forbidden me to looke in this boxe, and by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned me, I ſhould not haue had ſo much idle time: for we mens-kinde in our minoritie, are like women in their vncertaintie; that they are moſt forbidden, they will ſooneſt attempt: ſo I now. By my bare honeſtie, heeres nothing but the bare emptie Box: were it

not

not ſinne againſt ſecrecie, I would ſay it were a peece of gentlemanlike knauerie. I muſt go to *Pedringano*, and tell him his pardon is in this boxe: nay, I would haue ſworne it, had I not ſeene the contrarie. I cannot chooſe but ſmile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, ſcorne the audience, and deſcant on the hangman, and all preſuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde ieſt, for me to ſtand and grace euery ieſt he makes, poynting my finger at this boxe as who would ſay, mocke on, heeres thy warrant. Iſt not a ſcuruie ieſt, that a man ſhould ieſt himſelfe to death. Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a ſort ſorie for thee; but if I ſhould be hanged with thee, I cannot weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo and the Depitie.

Hiero. Thus muſt we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne:
And doe them iuſtice, when vniuſtly we,
For all our wronges can compaſſe no redreſſe.
But ſhall I neuer liue to ſee the day,
That I may come (by iuſtice of the heauens)
To know the cauſe that may my cares alay?
This toyles my bodie, this conſumeth age,
That onely I to all men iuſt muſt be,
And neither Gods nor men be iuſt to me.

Dep. Worthie *Hieronimo*, your office askes
A care to puniſh ſuch as do tranſgreſſe.

Hiero. So iſt my dutie to regard his death,
Who when he liued deſerued my deareſt bloud:
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,
For heere lies that which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand bound.

Depu. Bring foorth the Priſoner, for the Court is ſet.

Ped. Gramercie boy, but it was time to come,
For I had writtten to my Lord a new,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordſhip had forgotten me;

But ſith he hath remembred me ſo well,
Come, come, come on, when ſhall we to this geere,
Hiero. Stand foorth thou monſter, murderer of men,
And heere for ſatisfaction of the worlde,
Confeſſe thy follie, and repent thy fault,
For ther's thy place of execution.
Ped. This is ſhort worke, well, to your Marſhalſhip,
Firſt I confeſſe, nor feare I death therefore,
I am the man, twas I ſlew *Serberine*.
But ſir, then you thinke this ſhalbe the place,
Where we ſhall ſatisfie you for this geare?
Depu. I *Pedringano*.
Ped. Now I thinke not ſo.
Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou ſhalt finde it ſo,
For bloud with bloud, ſhall while I ſit as iudge,
Be ſatisfied, and the law diſchargde.
And though my ſelfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I ſee that others haue their right.
Diſpatch, the faults approued and confeſt,
And by our law he is condemnd to die.
Hang. Come on ſir, are you readie?
Ped To do what my fine officious knaue?
Hang. To go to this geere.
Ped. O ſir, you are to forward, thou wouldſt faine furniſh me with a halter, to diſfurniſh me of my habit.
So I ſhould goe out of this geere my rayment, into that geere the rope,
But hangman, now I ſpy your knauerie, ile not chang without boot, thats flat.
Hang. Come Sir.
Ped. So then I muſt vp.
Hang. No remedie,
Ped. Yes, but there ſhalbe for comming downe,
Hang. Indeed heers a remedie for that.
Ped. How? be turnd off.
Hang. I truely, come are you readie.
I pray you ſir diſpatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What do you hang by the houre, if you do, I may chance to breake your olde cuſtome.

Hang. Faith you haue no reaſon, for I am like to breake your yong neck.

Ped. Doeſt thou mocke mee hangman, pray God I be not preſerued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas ſir, you are a foote too low to reache it and I hope you wil neuer grow ſo high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, doſt ſee yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger.

Ped. I that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doeſt thou thinke to liue till his olde doublet will make thee a new truſſe?

Hang. I, and manie a faire yeere after, to truſſe vp manie an honeſter man then either thou or he.

Ped. What, hath he in his boxe as thou thinkſt?

Hang. Faith I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly.
Me thinke you ſhould rather hearken to your ſoules health.

Ped. Why Sirra Hangman? I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewiſe good for the ſoule: and it may be, in that boxe is balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art euen the merrieſt peece of mans fleſh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your rogatie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that ſhall all the witnes that ſee you ſeale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I, prethee requeſt this good companie to pray with me.

Hang. I marie ſir, this is a good motion: my maiſters, you ſee heeres a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember mee, let them alone till ſome other time, for now I haue no great need.

Hiero. I haue not ſeene a wretch ſo impudent,
O monſtrous times where murders ſet ſo light,

And where the ſoule that ſhould be ſhrinde in heauen,
Solelie delightes in interdicted things.
Still wandring in the thornie paſſages,
That intercepts it ſelfe of happineſſe.
Murder, O bloudie monſter, God forbid,
A fault ſo foule ſhould ſcape vnpuniſhed.
Diſpatch and ſee the execution done,
This makes me to remember thee my ſonne. *Exit.* Hiero.

Ped. Nay ſoſt, no haſt.

Depu. Why, wherefore ſtay you, haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Raſcall by my pardon from the king.

Hang. Stand you on that, then you ſhal off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depu. So executioner, conuay him hence,
But let his bodie be vnburied.
Let not the earth be choked or infect.
With that which heauen contemnes and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Where ſhal I runne to breath abroad my woes
My woes whoſe weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaimes that haue ſurcharged the aire,
With ceaſſles plaints, for my deceaſed ſonne?
The bluſtring windes conſpiring with my words,
At my lament haue moued the leaueleſſe trees.
Diſroabde the medowes of their flowred greene,
Made mountaines marſh with ſpring tide of my teares,
And broken through the braſen gates of hell,
Yet ſtill tormented is my tortured ſoule,
With broken ſighes and reſtles paſsions,
That winged mount, and houering in the aire.
But at the windowes of the brighteſt heauens.
Solliciting for iuſtice and reuenge:
But they are plac't in thoſe imperiall heightes.

where

Where countermurde with walles of diamond,
I finde the place impregnable, and they,
Reſiſt my woes, and giue my wordes no way,

Enter Hangman with a letter.

Hang. O Lord ſir, God bleſſe you ſir, the man ſir *Petergade*,
Sir, he that was ſo full of merry conceites.

Hiero. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord ſir, he went the wrong way, the fellowe had a faire commiſsion to the contrarie. Sir, heere is his paſſport, I pray you ſir, we haue done him wrong.

Hiero. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. You wil ſtand betweene the gallowes and me.

Hiero. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. worſhip.

Exit Hangman.

Hiero. And yet though ſomewhat nearer me concernes,
I wil to eaſe the griefe that I ſuſtaine,
Take truce with ſorrow while I read on this,
My Lord, I write as mine extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie:
If you neglect, my life is diſperate,
And in my death I ſhal reueale the troth,
You know my Lord, I ſlue him for your ſake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewardes and hopefull promiſes,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too,
Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio*,
And actors in th' accurſed Tragedie.
Waſt thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar* and thou,
Of whom my ſonne, my ſonne deſeru'd ſo well,
What haue I heard, what haue mine eies beheld?
O ſacred heauens, may it come to paſſe,
That ſuch a monſtrous and deteſted deed,
So cloſely ſmothered, and ſo long conceald,
Shall thus by this be venged or reueald.
Now ſee I what I durſt not then ſuſpect,

That

That *Bel-imperias* letter was not fainde,
Nor fained ſhe though falſly they haue wrongde,
Both her, my ſelfe, *Horatio*, and themſelues.
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euerie accident, I neere could finde,
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue,
They did what heauen vnpuniſht would not leaue.
O falſe *Lorenzo*, are theſe thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didſt my ſonne?
And *Balthazar* bane to thy ſoule and me,
Was this the ranſome he reſeru'd thee for?
Woe to the cauſe of theſe conſtrained warres,
Woe to thy baſeneſſe and captiuitie,
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie and thy ſoule,
Thy curſed father, and thy conquered ſelfe:
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pitie thee:
But wherefore waſte I mine vnfruitful words?
When naught but bloud wil ſatisfie my woes:
I wil go plaine me to the Lord the king,
And cry aloud for iuſtice through the court.
Wearing the flints with theſe my withered feete,
And either purchaſe iuſtice by intreates,
Or tire them al with my reuenging threates. *Exit.*

Enter Iſabell and her maid.

Iſa. So that you ſay this hearbe wil purge thy eye,
And this the head, ah but none of them wil purge the heart:
No, theres no medicine left for my diſcaſe,
Nor any phiſicke to recure the dead:

She runnes lunaticke.

Horatio, O wheres *Horatio?*

Maide. Good madam, affright not thus your ſelfe,
With outrage for your ſonne *Horatio*.
He ſleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

Iſa. Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly thinges,
Bought you a whiſtle and a whipſtalke too:

To be reuenged on their villanies.
Maid. Madame theſe humors do torment my ſoule.
Iſa. My ſoule, poore ſoule thou talkes of thinges
Thou knoweſt not what, my ſoule hath ſiluer winges,
That mounts me vp vnto the higheſt heauens.
To heauen, I there ſits my *Horatio*,
Backt with a troupe of fierie Cherubines,
Dauncing about his newly healed woundes,
Singing ſweete hymnes and chaunting heauenly notes,
Rare harmonie to greete his innocencie,
That liu'd: I, dyde a mirrour in our dayes.
But ſay, where ſhall I finde the men, the murderers,
That ſlew *Horatio*? whither ſhall I runne
To finde them out, that murdered my ſonne? *Exeunt.*

Bel-imperia at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offred me?
Why am I thus ſequeſtred from the Court?
No notice, ſhall I not know the cauſe
Of this my ſecret and ſuſpitious ils?
Accurſed brother, vnkinde murderer,
Why bendes thou thus thy minde to martir me?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wronges?
Or why art thou ſo ſlacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea*, that thou ſaweſt,
Me for thy friende *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me thus cauſeleſſe murdered.
Well, force perforce, I muſt conſtraine my ſelfe,
To patience, and applie me to the time,
Till heauen (as I haue hoped) ſhall ſet me free.

Enter Chriſtophil.

Chriſ. Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.
Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre thinges go well,
Thou art aſſurde that thou ſaweſt him dead?
Page. Or els my Lord I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.
As for his reſolution in his ende,
Leaue that to him with whom he ſoiourns now:
Heere, take my Ring, and giue it *Chriſtophill*,
And bid him ſet my ſiſter be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither ſtraight. *Exit Page.*
This that I did was for a pollicie,
To ſmooth and keepe the murder ſecret,
Which at a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle ſiſter will I now enlarge.
Bal. And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard enquired for her yeſter-night.
Lor. Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me ſay,
Sufficient reaſon, why ſhe kept away,
But thats all one, my Lord, you loue her?
Bal. I.
Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all ſuſpitions, onely ſooth me vp:
And if ſhe hap to ſtand on tearmes with vs,
As for her ſweete-hart, and concealement ſo,
Ieſt with her gently, vnder fained ieſt
Are thinges concealde that els would breed vnreſt:
But heere ſhe comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now ſiſter.
Bel. Siſter, no thou art no brother, but an enemie,
Els wouldſt thou not haue vſde thy ſiſter ſo:
Firſt, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuſe my companie:
And then to hurrie me like whirlewindes rage,
Amidſt a crew of thy confederates:
And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What mad-ling furie did poſſeſſe thy wits?
Or wherein iſt that I offended thee?
Lor. Aduiſe you better *Bel-imperia*,

For I haue done you no diſparagement:
Vnleſſe by more diſcretion then deſeru'd,
I ſought to ſaue your honour and mine owne.
Bel. Mine honour, why *Lorenzo*, where in iſt
That I neglect my reputation ſo,
As you, or anie neede to reſcue it?
Lor. His highneſſe and my father were reſolu'd,
To come conferre with olde *Hieronimo*,
Concerning certaine matters of eſtate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.
Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?
Bal. Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the reſt.
Lor. Me next in ſight as meſſenger they ſent,
To giue him notice that they were ſo nigh:
Now when I came conſorted with the Prince,
And vnexpected in an Arbour there,
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.
Bel. How than?
Lor. Why then remembring that olde diſgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,
And now were likely longer to ſuſtaine,
By being found ſo meanly accompanied:
Thought rather, for I know no readier meane,
To thruſt *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.
Bal. And carrie you obſcurelie ſome where els,
Leaſt that his highneſſe ſhould haue found you there.
Bel. Euen ſo my Lord, and you are witneſſe,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle brother) forged this for my ſake,
And you my Lord, were made his inſtrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But whats the cauſe that you conceald me ſince?
Lor. Your melancholy Siſter ſince the newes,
Of your firſt fauorite *Don Andreas* death,
My fathers olde wrath hath exaſperate,
Bal. And better waſt for you being in diſgrace,

To abſent your ſelfe and giue his furie place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to adde more fewell to your fire,
Who burnt like *Aetna* for *Andreas* loſſe.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquirde for me?
Lor. Siſter he hath,and thus excuſde I thee.
He whiſpereth in his eare.
But *Bel-imperia*, ſee the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue,behold young *Balthazar*,
Whoſe pasſions by thy preſence are increaſt,
And in whoſe melancholie thou maiſt ſee,
Thy hate,his loue: thy flight,his following thee.
Bel. Brother,you are become an Oratour,
I know not I,by what experience,
Too polliticke for me,paſt all compare,
Since laſt I ſaw you: but content your ſelfe,
The Prince is meditating higher thinges.
Bal. Tis of thy beautie then,that conquers Kinges,
Of thoſe thy treſſes *Ariadnes* twines,
Wherewith my libertie thou haſt ſurpriſde,
Of that thine iuorie front my ſorrowes map,
Wherein I ſee no hauen to reſt my hope.
Bel. To loue,and feare,and both at once my Lord.
In my conceite,are thinges of more import
Then womens wits are to be buſied with.
Bal. Tis I that loue.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. *Bel-imperia.*
Bel. But I that feare.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. *Bel-imperia.*
Lor. Feare your ſelfe?
Bel. I brother.
Lor. How? (looſe.
Bel. As thoſe,that when they loue, are loath, and feare to
Bal. Then faire,let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel,

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we:
Eſt tremulo me tui pauidem iunxere timorem,
Et vanum ſtolidæ proditionis opus. *Exiũt*

Lor. Nay, and you argue thinges ſo counningly,
Weele goe continue this diſcourſe at Court.

Bal. Led by the loadſtar of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppreſſed *Balthazar*,
As ore the mountaines walkes the wanderer,
In certaine to effect his Pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Portingales, *and* Hieronimo *meetes them.*

1 By your leaue ſir.

Hiero. Good leaue haue you: nay, I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue you, if you can leaue me ſo.

2 Pray you which is the way to my L. the Dukes.

Hiero. The next way from me.

1 To his houſe we meane.

Hiero. O hard by, tis yon houſe that you ſee.

2 You could not tell vs if his Sonne were there.

Hiero. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo?*

1 I Sir.

He goes in at one doore and comes out at another.

Hiero. Oh forbeare, for other talke for vs far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know,
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then liſt to me, and Ile reſolue your doubt,
There is a path vpon your left hand ſide,
That leadeth from a guiltie conſcience,
Vnto a forreſt of diſtruſt and feare,
A darkeſome place and dangerous to paſſe,
There ſhall you meete with melancholie thoughts,
Whoſe balefull humours if you but vpholde,
It will conduct you to diſpaire and death:
Whoſe rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of laſting night,
That kindled with the worldes iniquities,
Doſt caſt vp filthie and deteſted fumes.

Not farre from thence where murderers haue built,
A habitation for their curſed ſoules:
Therein a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*,
In his fell wrath vpon a ſulpher flame:
Your ſelues ſhal finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling lead and bloud of innocents.

1 Ha,ha,ha.

Hiero. Ha,ha,ha:why ha,ha,ha.Farewell good ha,ha,ha.
Exit.

2 Doubtles this man is paſsing lunaticke,
Or inperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come,lets away to ſeeke my Lord the Duke.

Enter Hieronimo with a Ponyard in one hand, and a Rope in the other.

Hiero. Now ſir, perhaps I come and ſee the King,
The king ſees me, and faine would heare my ſute:
Why is not this a ſtrange and ſeld ſeene thing,
That ſtanders by with toyes ſhould ſtrike me mute,
Go too, I ſee their ſhiftes,and ſay no more.
Hiero. tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a firie Tower, there ſits a iudge,
Vpon a ſeate of ſteele and molten braſſe:
And twixt his teeth he holdes a fire-brand,
That leades vnto the lake where hell doth ſtand.
Away *Hieronimo*,to him be gone:
Heele do thee iuſtice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path,thou ſhalt be with him ſtraight,
Or this, and then thou needſt not take thy breath.
This way,or that way: ſoft and faire not ſo:
For if I hang or kill my ſelfe,lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murther then?
No,no,fie,no: pardon me,Ile none of that:

He flinges away the dagger and halter.

This way Ile take,and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And

And here Ile haue a fling at him thats flat,
And *Balthazar* Ile be with thee to bring.
And thee *Lorenzo*, heeres the King, nay ſtay,
And heere, I heere, there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embaſſadour, Caſtile and Lorenzo.

King. Now ſhew Embaſſadour what our Viceroy ſaith,
Hath he receiu'd the articles we ſent?

Hiero. Iuſtice, O iuſtice to *Hieronimo.*

Lor. Backe, ſeeſt thou not the King is buſie?

Hiero. O, is he ſo?

King. Who is he that interrupts our buſineſſe?

Hiero. Not I, *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embaſ. Renowned King, he hath receiued and read,
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promiſt league:
And as a man extreamely ouer-ioyd,
To heare his Sonne ſo princelie entertaind,
Whoſe death he had ſo ſolemnly dewaild.
This for thy further ſatisfaction,
And kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know,
Firſt, for the marriage of his Princely Sonne,
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his ſoule,
Then myrrh or incenſe to the offended heauens.
In perſon therefore will he come him ſelfe,
To ſee the marriage rites ſolemnized,
And in the preſence of the Court of Spaine,
To knit a ſure inexplicable band,
Of Kingly loue, and euerlaſting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia.*

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roies loue?

Caſt. No doubt my Lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his friend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his Sonne:
Nor am I leaſt indebted to his grace,

That

That bendes his liking to my daughter thus.
Emb. Now laſt(dread Lord)heere hath his highnes ſent,
Although he ſend not that his ſonne returne,
His ranſome due to *Don Horatio.*
Hiero. Horatio, who calles *Horatio?*
King. And well remembred,thanke his Maieſtie,
Heere,ſee it giuen to *Horatio.*
Hiero. Iuſtice,O iuſtice,iuſtice gentle King!
King. Who is that? *Hieronimo.*
Hiero. Iuſtice,O iuſtice,O my ſonne,my ſonne,
My Sonne whom naught can ranſome or redeeme.
Lor. *Hieronimo,* you are not well aduiſde.
Hiero. Away *Lorenzo,* hinder me no more,
For thou haſt made me bankrupt of my bliſſe:
Giue me my ſonne,you ſhall not ranſome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,
He diggeth with his dagger.
And ſcrie ouer to th'Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to ſhew his deadly woundes.
Stand from about me, Ile make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And heere ſurrender vp my Marſhalſhip:
For Ile goe marſhall vp the feendes in Hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.
Kin. What meanes this outrage? will none of you reſtraine his furie.
Hiero. Nay ſoft and faire,you ſhall not neede to ſtriue,
Needes muſt he goe that the diuels driue. *Exit.*
King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo?*
I haue not ſeene him to demeane him ſo.
Lor. My gratious Lord,he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of young *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couetous of hauing to himſelfe,
The ranſome of the young Prince *Balthazar,*
Diſtract,and in a manner lunaticke.
King. Beleeue me Nephew we are ſorie for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their ſonnes:

But

But gentle brother, go giue to him this gold,
The Princes ranſome, let him haue his due,
For what he hath *Horatio* ſhall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath neede thereof.
Lor. But if he be thus hapleſlie diſtract,
Tis requiſite his office be reſignde,
And giuen to one of more diſcretion.
King. We ſhall increaſe his melancholly ſo,
Tis beſt we ſee further in it firſt:
Till when, our ſelfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embaſſadour,
That he may be a witneſſe of the match,
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia.*
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the marriage ſhalbe ſolemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.
Emb. Therein your highneſſe highly ſhall content
His Maieſtie, that longes to heare from hence.
Kin. On them, and heare you Lord Embaſſadour.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo *with a Booke in his hand.*

Vindict a mihi.
I, heauen will be reuenged of euerie ill,
Nor will they ſuffer murder vnrepaide:
Then ſtay *Hieronimo*, attende their will,
For mortall men may not appoint their time.
Per ſcelus ſemper tutum eſt ſceleribus iter.
Strike, and ſtrike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For euils vnto ils conductors be.
And death's the worſt of reſolution:
For he that thinkes with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life ſhall eaſily ende.
Fata ſi miſeros iuuant habes ſalutem.
Futa ſi vitam negant, habes ſepulchrum.
If deſtinie thy miſeries doe eaſe,
Then haſt thou health, and happie ſhalt thou be.

If deſtinie denie thee life *Hieronimo*,
Yet ſhalt thou be aſſured of a tombe:
If neither, yet let this comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but ineuitable ils:
As by a ſecret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindeſhip will be cloked beſt.
Wiſe men will take their oportunitie,
Cloſely and ſafely fitting thinges to time.
But in extreames vauntage hath no time.
And therefore al times fit not for reuenge:
Thus therefore will I reſt me in vnreſt,
Diſſembling quiet in vnquietnes,
Not ſeeming that I know their villanies,
That my ſimplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly I will let all ſlip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners eſt.
Nor ought auailes it me to menace them.
Who as a wintrie ſtorme vpon a plaine.
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou muſt enioyne
Thine eies to obſeruation, and thy tongue,
To milder ſpeeches, then thy ſpirits affoords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy handes to reſt,
Thy Cappe to curteſie, and thy knee to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know when, where, and how.
How now, what noiſe, what coile is that you keepe?

A noiſe within.

Enter a Seruaunt.

Ser. Heere are a ſort of poore Petitioners,
That are inportunate and it ſhall pleaſe you ſir,
That you ſhould plead their cauſes to the king.

Hiero. That I ſhould plead their ſeuerall actions,
Why let them enter, and let me ſee them.

Enter

Enter three Citizens and an olde man.

1 So I tell you this for learning and for law,
Theres not any aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will in purſuit of equitie.

Hiero. Come neere you men that thus importune me,
Now muſt I beare a face of grauitie
For this I vſde before my marſhalſhip,
To plead in cauſes as *Corrigedor*.
Come on ſirs, whats the matter?

2 Sir an action.

Hiero. Of Batterie?

1 Mine of debt.

Hiero. Giue place.

2 No ſir, mine is an action of the caſe.

3 Mine an Eiection firma by a Leaſe.

Hiero. Content you ſirs, are you determined,
That I ſhould plead your ſeuerall actions?

1 I ſir, and heeres my declaration,

2 And heere is my band.

3 And heere is my leaſe *They giue him papers.*

Hiero. But wherefore ſtands yon ſilly man ſo mute?
With mournfull eyes and handes to heauen vpreard?
Come hither father, let me know thy cauſe.

Senix. O worthy ſir, my cauſe but ſlightly knowne,
May mooue the hartes of warlike Myrmydons,
And melt the corſicke Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hiero. Say Father, tell me whats thy ſute?

Senix. No ſir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my moſt diſtresfull wordes,
Then ſhould I not in paper as you ſee,
With incke bewray, what bloud began in me.

Hiero. Whats heere? The humble ſupplication
Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdred Sunne.

Senix. I ſir?

Hiero. No ſir, it was my murdred Sonne, oh my ſonne.

My ſonne, oh my ſonne *Horatio.*
But mine, or thine, *Balthazar* be content.
Heere, take my handkercher and wipe thine eies,
Whiles wretched I, in thy miſhaps may ſee,
Thy liuely portract of my dying ſelfe.
He draweth out a bloudy napkin.
O no not this, *Horatio* this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy deareſt bloud,
This was a token twixt thy ſoule and me,
That of thy death reuenged I ſhould be.
But heere, take this, and this, what my purſe?
I this and that, and all of them are thine,
For all as one are our extremeties:
1 Oh, ſee the kindneſſe of *Hieronimo.*
This gentlenes ſhewes him a Gentleman.
Hiero. See, ſee, oh ſee thy ſhame *Hieronimo,*
See heere a louing Father to his ſonne:
Beholde the ſorowes and the ſad lamentes,
That he deliuered for his ſonnes deceaſſe.
If loues effects ſo ſtriues in leſſer thinges,
If loue enforce ſuch moodes in meaner wits,
If loue expreſſe ſuch power in poore eſtates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Toſt with the winde and tide ore turneſt then
The vpper billowes courſe of waues to keepe,
Whileſt leſſer waters labour in the deepe.
Then ſhameſt thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect,
The ſweete reuenge of thy *Horatio?*
Though on this earth iuſtice will not be found:
Ile downe to hell, and in this paſſion,
Knocke at the diſmall gates of *Plutos* Court,
Getting by force as once *Alcides,*
A troupe of furies and tormenting hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the reſt.
Yet leaſt the triple headed porter ſhould,
Denie my paſſage to the ſlimie ſtrond:
The *Thracian* Poet thou ſhalt counterfeit:

Come olde Father be my *Orpheus.*
And if thou canſt no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then ſound the burder of the ſore hartes griefe,
Till we do gaine that *Proſerpine* may graunt,
Reuenge on them that murdred my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.
Teare the papers.

1 Oh ſir my Declaration.
Exit Hieronimo *and they after.*

2 Saue my bond.
Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas my Leaſe, it coſt me ten pound,
And you my Lord haue torne the ſame.

Hiero. That can not be, I gaue it neuer a wound,
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the ſame:
How is it poſſible I ſhould ſlaie it then?
Tuſh no, runne after, catch me if you can.
Exeunt all but the olde man.

Bazulto *remaines till* Hieronimo *enters againe,*
who ſtaring him in the face ſpeaketh

Hiero. And art thou come *Horatio* from the deapth,
To aſke for iuſtice in this vpper earth?
To tell thy father thou art vnreuengde,
To wring more teares from *Iſabellas* eyes:
Whoſe lightes are dimd with ouer-long lamentes.
Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus,*
For heeres no iuſtice, gentle Boy be gone:
For iuſtice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.
Thy mother cries on righteous *Radamant,*
For iuſt reuenge againſt the murderers.

Senex. Alas my L. whence ſpringes this troubled ſpeech?

Hiro. But let me looke on my *Horatio:*
Sweete Boy art thou chang'd in deaths blacke ſhade?

Had *Proſerpine* no pitie on thy youth?
But ſuffered thy faire crimſon coloured ſpring,
With withered winter to be blaſted thus?
Horatio, thou art older then thy father:
Ah ruthleſſe father, that fauour thus transformes.
Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young ſonne.
Hiero. What, not my ſonne, thou then a furie art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke night,
To ſummon me to make appearence
Before grim *Mynos* and iuſt *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remiſſe,
And ſeekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.
Baz. I am agreeued man, and not a Ghoſt,
That came for iuſtice for my murdered ſonne.
Hiero. I, now I know thee, now thou nameſt my ſonne,
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy face my ſorrowes I may ſee.
Thy eyes are gum'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmure ſad wordes abruptly broken off,
By force of windie ſighes thy ſpirit breathes,
And all this ſorrow riſeth for thy Sonne:
And ſelfe ſame ſorrow feele I for my Sonne.
Come in olde man, thou ſhalt to *Iſabell*,
Leane on my arme; I thee, thou me, ſhalt ſtay,
And thou, and I, and ſhe will ſing a ſong:
Three partes in one, but all of diſcordes fram'd,
Talke not of cordes, but let vs now be gone,
For with a cord *Horatio* was ſlaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.

King. Goe brother it is the *Duke* of *Caſtiles* cauſe, ſalute the *Vice-roy* in our name.
Caſtile. I goe.
Vice. Goe foorth *Don Pedro* for thy Nephewes ſake,
And greete the *Duke* of *Caſtile*.
Pedro. It ſhall be ſir, *King.*

King. And now to meete theſe Portaguiſe,
For as we now are, ſo ſometimes were theſe,
Kinges and commanders of the Weſterne *Indies*,
Welcome braue *Vice-roy* to the Court of Spaine,
And welcome all his honourable traine:
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue ſo kingly croſt the Seas:
Suffiſeth it in this we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs:
So is it that mine honourable Neece,
For it beſeemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar:*
And by appointment and our condiſcent,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy ſelfe,
Thy followers, their pleaſure, and our peace:
Speake men of Portingale, ſhall it be ſo?
If I, ſay ſo: if not, ſay flatly no.

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou thinkſt,
With doubtfull followers, vnreſolued men,
But ſuch as haue vpon thine articles,
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know Soueraigne, I come to ſolemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire *Bel-imperia* with my *Balthazar.*
With thee my Sonne, whom ſith I liue to ſee,
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee:
And let me liue a ſolitarie life,
In ceaſeleſſe praiers,
To thinke how ſtrangelie heauen hath thee preſerued.

King. See brother, ſee, how nature ſtriues in him,
Come worthie *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fite this Princely mood.

Vice. Or heere, or where your Highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but Caſ. and Lor.

Caſ. Nay ſtay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you, Seeſt

Seeſt thou this entertainment of theſe Kinges?
Lor. I do my Lord, and ioy to ſee the ſame.
Caſ. And knoweſt thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue.
And to confirme their promiſed marriage.
Caſ. She is thy ſiſter.
Lor. Who *Bel-imperia*, I my gratious Lord,
And this is the day, that I haue longd ſo happilie to ſee.
Caſ. Thou wouldſt be loath that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happineſſe.
Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre ſo much.
Caſ. Why then *Lorenzo* liſten to my wordes.
It is ſuſpected, and reported too.
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongſt *Hieronimo*,
And in his ſuites towardes his Maieſtie,
Still keepſt him backe, and ſeekes to croſſe his ſute.
Lor. That I my Lord?
Caſ. I tell thee Sonne, my ſelfe haue heard it ſaid,
When to my ſorrow I haue been aſhamed
To anſwere for thee, though thou art my Sonne,
Lorenzo, knoweſt thou not the common loue,
And kindnes that *Hieronimo* hath wonne,
By his deſertes within the Court of Spaine?
Or ſeeſt thou not the K. my brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, ſhouldſt thou thwart his paſsions,
And he exclaime againſt thee to the King.
What honour wert in this aſſemblie,
Or what a ſcandale wert among the Kinges,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee.
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,
Whence growes the ground of this report in Court.
Lor. My L. it lies not in *Lorenzos* power,
To ſtop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A ſmall aduantage makes a water breach,
And no man liues that long contenteth all.
Caſ. My ſelfe haue ſeene thee buſie to keepe back, Him

Him and his ſupplications from the king.
Lor. Your ſelfe my L. hath ſeene his paſsions,
That ill beſeemde the preſence of a king,
And for I pitied him in his diſtreſſe,
I held him thence with kind and curtuous wordes,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my ſoule my Lord.
Caſ. *Hieronimo* my ſonne, miſtakes thee then.
Lor. My gratious father, beleue me ſo he doth,
But whats a ſillie man diſtract in minde.
To thinke vpon the murder of his ſonne?
Alas, how eaſie is it for him to erre?
But for his ſatisfaction and the worldes,
Twere good my L. that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcilde, if he miſconſter me.
Caſ. *Lorenzo* thou haſt ſaid, it ſhalbe ſo,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come *Bel-imperia*, *Balthazars* content,
My ſorrowes eaſe and ſoueraigne of my bliſſe,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Diſperſe thoſe cloudes and melancholie lookes,
And cleere them vp with thoſe thy ſunne bright eies,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies,
Bel. My lookes my Lord, are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can ſhew no brighter yet.
Bal. New kindled flames ſhould burne as morning ſunne,
Bel. But not too faſt, leaſt heate, and all be done.
I ſee my Lord my father.
Bal. Truce my loue, I will go ſalute him.
Caſ. Welcome *Balthazar* welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of *Caſtiles* peace:
And welcome *Bel-imperia*: how now girle?
Why commeſt thou ſadlie to ſalute vs thus?
Content thy ſelfe, for I am ſatisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,

We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a hapier loue,
But *Balthazar* heere comes *Hieronimo*.
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hiero. And wheres the Duke?
Ser. Yonder.
Hiero. Euen ſo: what new deuice haue they deuiſed tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Iſt I wil be reuengde? no, I am not the man.
Caſ. Welcome *Hieronimo*.
Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.
Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.
Hiero. My Lordes I thanke you for *Horatio*.
Caſ. Hieronimo, the reaſon that I ſent.
To ſpeake with you is this.
Hiero. What, ſo ſhort?
Then ile begone I thanke you fort.
Caſ. Nay, ſtay *Hieronimo*, go call him ſonne.
Lor. *Hiero.* My father craues a word with you.
Hiero. With me ſir? why my L. I thought you had done.
Lor. No, would he had. (Sonne,
Caſ. Hieronimo, I heare you find your ſelfe agreeued at my
Becauſe you haue not acceſſe vnto the king,
And ſay tis he that intercepts your ſutes.
Hiero. Why, is not this a miſerable thing my Lord?
Caſ. Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cauſe,
And would be loth that one of your deſerts,
Should once haue reaſon to ſuſpect my Sonne,
Conſidering how I thinke of you my ſelfe.
Hiero. Your ſonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord?
The hope of Spaine, mine honourable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his ſword.

Ile meete him face to face to tell me ſo.
Theſe be the ſcandalous reportes of ſuch,

As loues not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I ſuſpect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or croſſe my ſute, that loued my ſonne ſo well.
My Lord, I am aſhamed it ſhould be ſaid.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cauſe.
Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.
Caſ. There then pauſe, & for the ſatisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homly houſe,
The Duke of Caſtile *Ciprians* ancient ſeate,
And when thou wilt, vſe me, my ſonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friendes.
Hiero. I marrie my Lord, and ſhall.
Friendes (quoth he) ſee, Ile befriendes with you all:
Specially with you my louely Lord,
For diuers cauſes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is ſuſpitious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.
Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.
Lor. And that I hope olde grudges are forgot.
Hiero. What els, it were a ſhame it ſhould not be ſo.
Caſ. Come on *Hieronimo* at my requeſt,
Let vs intreate your companie to daie. *Exeunt.*
Hiero. Your Lordſhips to commaund,
Pha: keepe your way.
Mi. *Chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non ſule*
Traduto niba otrade vule. *Exit.*

Enter Ghoſt and Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

Awake *Erictha*, *Cærberus* awake,
Sollicite *Pluto* gentle *Proſerpine*,
To combat *Achinon* and *Erichus* in hell.
For neerd by *Stix* and *Phlegeton:*
Nor ferried *Caron* to the fieri lakes,
Such fearefull ſights, as poore *Andrea* ſee?

Reuenge awake.

Reuenge. Awake, for why?

Ghoſt. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduiſde,
To ſleepe; away, what, thou art warnde to watch.

Reuenge. Content thy ſelfe and do not trouble me.

Ghoſt. Awake *Reuenge*, if loue as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,
And interceps our paſſage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Reuen. Thus worldlinges ground what they haue dreamd (vpon,
Content thy ſelfe *Andrea*, though I ſleepe,
Yet is my mood ſo'liciting their ſoules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his ſonne *Horatio:*
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he ſleepe awhile,
For in vnquiet, quietneſſe is found:
And ſlumbering is a common worldly wile,
Beholde *Andrea* for an inſtance how,
Reuenge hath ſlept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be ſubiect to deſtinie.

Enter a dum ſhew.

Ghoſt. Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this miſterie.

Reuenge. The two firſt the nuptiall torches boare,
As bright burning as the mid-daies ſunne:
But after them doth *Himen* hie as faſt,
Clothed in ſable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with bloud,
As diſcontent that things continue ſo.

Ghoſt. Suffiseth me thy meanings vnderſtood,
And thankes to thee and thoſe infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a louers woe,
Reſt thee, for I will ſit to ſee the reſt.

Reuenge. Then argue not, for thou haſt thy requeſt.

Exeunt.

Actus

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel-imperia.

IS this the loue thou bearſt *Horatio?*
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites?
Are theſe the fruites of thine inceſſant teares?
Hieronimo, are theſe thy paſſions?
Thy proteſtations, and thy deepe lamentes,
That thou wert wont to weare men withall?
O vnkind Father, O deceitfull worlde,
With what excuſes canſt thou ſhew thy ſelfe?
With what diſhonour, and the hate of men:
From this diſhonour and the hate of men:
Thus to neglect the life and loſſe of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,
Aſſures thee to be cauſeleſſe ſlaughtered?
Hieronimo, for ſhame *Hieronimo*,
Be not a hiſtorie to after times,
Of ſuch ingratitude vnto thy Sonne.
Vnhappie Mother of ſuch children then:
But monſtrous Fathers, to forget ſo ſoone
The death of thoſe, whom they with care and coſt,
Haue tendred ſo, thus careleſſe ſhould be loſt.
My ſelfe a ſtranger in reſpect of thee,
So loued his life, as ſtill I wiſh their deathes:
Nor ſhall his death be vnreueng'd by me.
Although I beare it out for faſhions ſake,
For heere I ſweare in ſight of heauen and earth,
Shouldſt thou neglect the loue thou ſhouldſt retaine,
And giue it ouer and deuiſe no more,
My ſelfe ſhould ſend their hatefull ſoules to hell,
That wrought his downefall with extreameſt death.
Hiero. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*,

Vowes ſuch reuenge as ſhe hath daind to ſay:
Why then I ſee that heauen applies our drift,
And all the ſaints do ſit ſoliciting,
For vengeance on thoſe curſed murtherers.
Madame tis true, and now I finde it ſo,
I found a letter written in your name,
And in that letter, how *Horatio* died.
Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vnreuengde at full,
And heere I vow, ſo you but giue conſent,
And will conceale my reſolution:
I will ere long determine of their deathes,
That cauſeleſſe thus haue murdred my ſonne.
Bel. *Hieronimo*, I will conſent, conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auaile,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.
Hiero. On then, whatſoeuer I deuiſe,
Let me intreate your grace my practiſes?
For why, the plots alreadie in mine head,
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*; what, courting *Bel-imperia*?
Hiero. I my Lord, ſuch courting, as I promiſe you
She hath my hart; but you my Lord haue hers. (helpe
Lor. But now *Hieronimo* or neuer we are to entreat your
Hie. My help, why my good Lords aſſure your ſelues of me,
For you haue giuen me cauſe, I by my faith haue you.
Bal. It pleaſd you at the entertainmēt of the Embaſſadours
To grace the King ſo much as with a ſhew,
Now were your ſtudie ſo well furniſhed,
As for the paſſing of the firſt nightes ſport,
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any ſuch like pleaſing motion,
Aſſure your ſelfe it would content them well.

Hiero. Is this all?
Bal. I, this is all,
Hiero. Why then Ile fit you, ſay no more.
When I was young I gaue my minde,
And plide my ſelfe to fruitleſſe Poetrie:
Which though it profite the profeſſor naught,
Yet is it paſſing pleaſing to the world.
Lor. And how for that?
Hiero. Marrie my good Lord thus.
And yet me thinke you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Tolledo* there I ſtudied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie:
See heere my Lordes. *He ſhewes them a booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day,
Now would your Lordſhips fauour me ſo much,
As but to grace me with your acting it:
I meane ech one of you to plaie a part,
Aſſure you it will prooue moſt paſſing ſtrange,
And wondrous plauſible to that aſſemblie.
Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie?
Hiero. Why *Nero* thought it no diſparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in Plaies.
Lor. Nay be not angrie good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a queſtion.
Bal. In faith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earneſt,
Ile make one.
Lor. And I another.
Hiero. Now my good Lord, could you intreat
Your ſiſter *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For whats a plaie without a woman in it?
Bel. Little intreatie ſhall ſerue me *Hieronimo*,
For I muſt needes be imploied in your play.
Hiero. Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been acted,
By Gentlemen and ſchollers too,

Such

Such as could tell what to ſpeake.

Bal. And now it ſhall be ſaid by Princes and Courtiers,
ſuch as can tell how to ſpeake:
Ifas it is our countrie maner,
You will but let vs know the argument.

Hiero. That ſhall I roundly: the Chronicles of Spaine,
Recorde this written of a knight of Rhodes,
He was betrothed and wedded at the lenght,
To one *Perſeda* an Italian dame.
Whoſe beautie rauiſhed all that her beheld,
Eſpeciallie the ſoule of *Soliman*,
Who at the marriage was the chiefeſt gueſt:
By ſundrie meanes ſought *Soliman* to winne,
Perſedas loue, and could not gaine the ſame:
Then gan he breake his paſsions to a friend,
One of his Baſhawes whom he held full deere,
Her had this Baſhaw long ſolicited,
And ſaw ſhe was not otherwiſe to be wonne,
But by her husbands death, this knight of Rhodes,
Whom preſently by trecherie he ſlew,
She ſtirde with an exceeding hate therfore,
As cauſe of this, ſlew *Soliman*.
And to eſcape the Baſhawes tirannie,
Did ſtab her ſelfe, and this the Tragedie.

Lor. O excelent.

Bel. But ſaie *Hieronimo* what then became of him
That was the Baſhaw?

Hierio. Marrie thus, moued with remorſe of his miſdeedes
Ran to a mountain top and hung himſelfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part,

Hiero. O, that will I my Lordes, make no doubt of it,
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I alreadie haue conceited that.

Bal. And what ſhall I?

Hiero. Great *Soliman* the Turkiſh Emperour.

Lor. And I.

Hiero. *Eraſto* the Knight of Rhodes,
Bel. And I.
Hiero. *Perſeda*, chaſte and reſolute.
And heere my Lordes are ſeuerall abſtracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes,
And act it as occaſion's offred you.
You muſt prouide a Turkiſh cappe,
A blacke muſtacio and a fauchion.
Giues a paper to Bal.
You with a croſſe like a Knight of Rhodes.
Giues another to Lor.
And Madame, you muſt attire your ſelfe.
He giueth Bel. another.
Like *Phœbe*, *Flora*, or the huntreſſe,
Which to your diſcretion ſhall ſeeme beſt.
And as for me my Lordes, Ile looke to one,
And with the ranſome that the *Vice-roy* ſent,
So furniſh and performe this Tragedie,
As all the worlde ſhall ſay *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it ſo.
Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.
Hiero. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to preſent a Kingly troupe withall,
Giue me a ſtately written Tragedie,
Tragedia cother nato, fitting Kinges,
Containing matter, and not common thinges,
My Lords, all this muſt be performed,
As fitting for the firſt nights reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were ſo ſharpe of wit,
That in one houres meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.
Lor. And well it may, for I haue ſeene the like,
In *Paris*, mongſt the French Tragedians.
Hiero. In *Paris*, mas and well remembred,
Thers one thing more that reſts for vs to doo.
Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo*, forget not any things

Hiero. Each one of vs muſt act his part,
In vnknowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie.
As you my Lord in Latin, I in Greeke,
You in Italian, and for becauſe I know,
That *Bel-imperia* hath practiſed the French,
In courtly French ſhall all her phraſes be.
Bel. You meane to trye my cunning then *Hiero*?
Bal. But this will be a meere confuſion,
And hardly ſhall wee all be vnderſtoode.
Hiero. It muſt be ſo, for the concluſion.
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good:
And I my ſelfe in an Oration,
That I will haue there behind a curtaine,
And with a ſtrange and wondrous ſhew beſides:
Aſſure your ſelfe ſhall make the matter knowne.
And all ſhalbe concluded in one Scene,
For theres no pleaſure tane in tediouſnes.
Bal. How like you this?
Lor. Why thus my Lord we muſt reſolue,
To ſoothe his humors vp.
Bal. On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till ſoone.
Hiero. Youle plie this geere,
Lor. I warrant you, *Exeunt all but Hiero.*
Hiero. I Why ſo, now ſhall I ſee the fall of Babilon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confuſion.
And if the world like not this tragedie,
Hard is the hap of olde *Hieronimo*. *Exit.*

Enter Iſabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monſtrous homicides.
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues,
The King to iuſtice or compaſsion:
I will reuenge my ſelfe vpon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with theſe branches and theſe loathſome bowes,

Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine.
Downe with them *Iſabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the reſt is ſprung,
I will not leaue a root, a ſtalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a bloſſome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this garden plot.
Accurſed complot of my miſerie,
Fruitleſſe for euer may this garden be,
Barren the earth, & bliſſeſſe whoſoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured:
An Eaſterne winde commixt with noiſome aires.
Shall blaſt the plants and the yong ſaplings.
The earth with Serpents ſhalbe peſtered,
And paſſengers for feare to be infect,
Shall ſtand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:
There murdred, dide the ſonne of *Iſabell.*
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Ghoaſt ſollicites with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that ſhould reuenge his death,
Hieronimo make haſt to ſee thy ſonne,
For ſorrow and diſpaire hath cited me,
To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*,
Make haſt, *Hieronimo* to holde excuſde,
Thy necligence in purſute of their deathes,
Whoſe hatefull wrath bereu'd him of his breath.
Ah na, thou doſt delay their deathes,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble ſonne,
And none but I beſtirre me to no end,
And as I curſſe this tree from further fruite,
So ſhall my wombe be curſed for his ſake,
And with this weapon will I wound the breſt, *She ſtabes*
The haples breſt that gaue *Horatio* ſucke. *her ſelfe.*

Enter Hieronimo, *he knockes vp the curtaine.*

Enter the Duke of Caſtilé.

Caſ. How now *Hieronimo*, wheres your fellowes,

That you take all this paine?
Hiero. O ſir, it is for the authors credite,
To looke that all thinges may go well:
But good my Lord let me intreat your grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the argument of what we ſhew.
Caſ. I will *Hieronimo*.
Hiero. One thing more my good Lord.
Caſ. Whats that?
Hiero. Let me intreat your grace,
That when the traine are paſt into the gallerie,
You would vouchſafe to throw me downe the key.
Caſ. I will *Hieronimo*. *Exit Caſ.*
Hiero. What are you readie *Balthazar*?
Bring a chaire and a cuſhion for the King.
Enter Balthazar with a chaire.
Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the title.
Our ſcene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?
Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.
Hiero. Diſpatch for ſhame, are you ſo long?
Exit Balthazar.
Bethinke thy ſelfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs
Thou haſt receiued by murder of thy ſonne.
And laſtly, not leaſt, how *Iſabell*,
Once his mother, and thy deareſt wife:
All woe begone, for him hath ſlaine her ſelfe.
Behoues thee then *Hieronimo* to be reueng'd.
The plot is laide of dire reuenge,
On then *Hieronimo*, purſue reuenge:
For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.
Exit Hieronimo.

Enter Spaniſh King, Vice-roy, the Duke of Caſtile, and their traine.

King. Now Vice-roy, ſhall we ſee the Tragedie,

Of

Of *Soliman* the Turkiſh Emperour:
Performde of pleaſure by your ſonne the Prince,
My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.
Vice. Who, *Bel-imperia*?
King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marſhall,
At whoſe requeſt they deine to doo't themſelues.
Theſe be our paſtimes in the Court of Spaine.
Heere brother, you ſhalbe the Booke-keeper.
This is the atgument of that they ſhew.
He gineth him a Booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo *in ſundrie Languages, was thought good to be ſet downe in Engliſh more largely, for the eaſier vnderſtanding to euery publique Reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, *and* Hieronimo.

Balthazar.

BAſhaw, that Rhodes is ours, yeelde heauens the honour,
And holy *Mahomet* our ſacred Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euerie excellence,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou deſire.
But thy deſert in conquering Rhodes is leſſe,
Then in reſeruing this faire Chriſtian Nimph
Perſeda, blisfull lampe of excellence:
Whoſe eies compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike hart of *Soliman* to wait.
King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Balthazar* your Sonne,
That repreſentes the Emperour *Soliman:*
How well he actes his amorous paſsion.
Vice. I, *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.
Caſtile. Thats becauſe his minde runnes all on *Bel-imperia.*
Hiero. What euer ioy earth yeelds betide your Maieſtie.
Balt. Earth yeelds no ioy without *Perſedaes* loue,
Hiero. Let then *Perſeda* on your grace attende.
Balt. She ſhall not waite on me, but I on her,

Drawne by the influencē of her lightes, I yeeld.
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth.
Eraſto, dearer then my life to me,
That he may ſee *Perſeda* my beloued.

Enter Eraſto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother what part plaies he?

Bel. Ah my *Eraſto*, welcome to *Perſeda*.

Eraſto. Thrice happie is *Eraſto*, that thou liueſt,
Rhodes loſſe is nothing to *Eraſtoes* ioy:
Sith his *Perſeda* liues, his life ſuruiues.

Balt. Ah *Baſham*, heere is loue betweene *Eraſto*,
And faire *Perſeda* ſoueraigne of my ſoule.

Hiero. Remooue *Eraſto* mightie *Solyman*,
And then *Perſeda* will be quickly wonne.

Balt. *Eraſto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perſeda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hiero. Let not *Eraſto* liue to greeue great *Soliman*.

Balt. Deare is *Eraſto* in our princely eye.

Hiero. But if he be your riuall, let him die.

Balt. Why let him die, ſo loue commandeth me,
Yet greeue I that *Eraſto* ſhould ſo die.

Hiero. *Eraſto*, *Solyman* ſaluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me, his highneſſe willt
Which is, thou ſhouldſt be thus imploid. *Stab him.*

Bel. Ay me *Eraſto*, ſee *Solyman Eraſtoe's* ſlaine,

Balt. Yet liueth *Solyman* to comfort thee.
Faire Queene of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gratious eye beholde his griefe,
That with *Perſedaes* beautie is encreaſt?
If by *Perſedaes* griefe be not releaſt.

Bel. Tyrant, deſiſt ſoliciting vaine ſuites,
Relentles are mine eares to thy lamentes,
As thy butcher is pittileſſe and baſe,
Which ſeazd on my *Eraſto*, harmeleſſe knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkeſt to commaund,

And to thy power *Perſeda* doth obey:
But were ſhe able, thus ſhe would reuenge.
Thy treacheris on thee ignoble Prince: *Stab him.*
And on her ſelfe ſhe would be thus reueng'd *Stab her ſelfe.*
King. Well ſaide old Marſhall, this was brauely done.
Hiero. But *Bel-imperia* plaies *Perſeda* well.
Vice. Were this in earneſt *Bel-imperia*,
You would be better to my ſonne then ſo.
King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo?*
Hiero. Marrie this followes for *Hieronimo.*
Heere breake we off our ſundrie languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tong.
Happely you think, but bootles are your thoughts:
That this is fabulouſly counterfeit.
And that we do as all Tragedians doo,
To die to day, for (faſhioning our ſcene)
The death of *Aiax*, or ſome Romaine peere,
And in a minute ſtarting vp againe,
Reuiue to pleaſe to morrowes audience.
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopeleſſe father of a papleſſe ſonne,
Whoſe tung is tun'd to tel his lateſt tale,
Not to excuſe groſſe errours in the play,
I ſee your looks vrge inſtance of theſe words.
Behold the reaſon vrging me to this,
Shwes his dead ſonne.
See here my ſhew, looke on this ſpectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was ſlaine:
Heere lay my treaſure, heere my treaſure loſt:
Heere lay my bliſſe, and heere my bliſſe bereft:
But hope, heart, treaſure, ioy, and bliſſe:
All fled, faild, died, yea all decaide with this,
From forth theſe woundes come breath that gaue me life,
They murdred me that made theſe fatall markes:
The cauſe was loue, whence grewe this mortal hate,

The hate *Lorenzo*, and yong *Balthazar*:
The loue, my ſonne to *Bel-imperia*.
But night the coucrer of accurſed crimes,
With pitchie ſilence huſht the traitors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had ſorted leaſure,
To take aduantage in my garden plot,
Vpon my ſonne, my deare *Horatio*:
There mercileſſe they butcherd vp my boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell death.
He ſhrikes, I heard, and yet me thinkes I heare,
His diſmall out-crie eccho in the aire:
With ſooneſt ſpeede I haſted to the noyſe,
Where hanging on a tree, I found my Sonne,
Through girt with woundes, and ſlaughtered as you ſee,
And greeued I (thinke you) at this ſpectacle?
Speake Portaguiſe, whoſe loſſe reſemble mine,
If thou canſt weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I waild for my *Horatio*.
And you my L. whoſe reconciled ſonne,
Martcht in a net, and thought himſelfe vnſeene,
And rated me for brainſicke lunacie.
Which God amende that made *Hieronimo*,
How can you brooke our plaies cataſtrophe?
And heere behold this bloudie hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatios* death I weeping dipt,
Within the riuer of his bleeding woundes:
It as propitious, ſee I haue reſerued,
And neuer hath it left my bloudie hart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow,
With theſe, O theſe accurſed murderers,
Which now performd, my hart is ſatisfied.
And to this ende the *Baſhaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life:
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to repreſent the Knight of Rhodes.
That I might kill him more conueniently.

So *Vic-roy* was this *Balthazar* thy ſonne,
That *Solyman* which *Bel-imperia*,
In perſon of *Perſeda* murdered:
Sollie appointed to that tragicke part,
That ſhe might ſlay him that offended her.
Poore *Bel-imperia* miſt her part in this,
For though the ſtorie ſaith ſhe ſhould haue died,
Yet I of kindneſſe, and of care to her,
Did otherwiſe determine of her ende.
But loue of him whom they did hate too much,
Did vrge her reſolution to be ſuch.
And Princes now beholde *Hieronimo*,
Author and actor in this tragedie:
Bearing his lateſt fortune in his fiſt:
And will as reſolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I ende my Play.
Vrge no more wordes, I haue no more to ſay.

He runes to hang himſelfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy, holde *Hieronimo*,
Brother, my Nephew, and thy ſonne are ſlaine.
Vice. We are betraide, my *Balthazar* is ſlaine.
Breake ope the doores, runne, ſaue *Hieronimo*.
Hieronimo, doe but enforme the king of theſe euentes,
Vpon mine honour thou ſhalt haue no harme.
Hiero. Vice-roy, I will not truſt thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my ſonne: (to die?
Accurſed wretch, why ſtaieſt thou him that was reſolued
King. Speake traitor, damned, bloudie murderer ſpeake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee ſpeake,
Why haſt thou done this vndeſeruing deede?
Vice. Why haſt thou murdered my *Balthazar*?
Caſ. Why haſt thou butchered both my children thus?
Hiero. O good wordes, as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.
My guildes ſonne was by *Lorenzo* ſlaine,

And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at laſt reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whoſe ſoules may heauens be yet auenged,
With greater farre then theſe afflictions.
Caſ. But who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia.*
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was ſlaine,
I ſaw her ſtab him.
King. Why ſpeakeſt thou not?
Hiero. What leſſer liberty our kings affoord
Then harmeleſſe ſilence? then affoord it me:
Sufficeth I may not, nor I will not tell thee.
King. Fetch forth the tortures.
Traitor as thou art, Ile make thee tell. (Sonne,
Hiero. Indeed thou maieſt torment me as his wretched
Hath done in murdering my *Horatio*,
But neuer ſhalt thou force me to reueale,
The thing which I haue vowd inuiolate,
And therefore in diſpight of all thy threates,
Pleaſde with their deathes, and eaſde with their reuenge:
Firſt take my tung, and afterwardes my heart.
King. O monſtrous reſolution of a wretch,
See Vice-roy he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather then to reueale what we requirde,
Caſ. Yet can he write.
King. And if in this he ſatisfie vs not,
We will deuiſe the'xtreameſt kinde of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.
Then he makes ſignes for a knife to mend his pen.
Caſ. O he would haue a knife to mend his pen.
Vice. Heere, and aduiſe thee that thou write the troth,
Looke to my brother, ſaue *Hieronimo.*
He with a knife ſtabs the Duke and himſelfe.
King. What age hath euer heard ſuch monſtrous deeds?
My brother and the whole ſucceending hope,
That Spaine expected after my diſcaſe.

Go

Go beare his body hence that we may mourne,
The loſſe of our beloued brothers death,
That he may be entomb'd what ere befall,
I am the next, the neereſt laſt of all.
Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, do the like for vs,
Take vp our haples Sonne vntimely ſlaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine maſt of a ſhip vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hale me along,
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed greefe:
Or to the lothſome poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my ſweete *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale.

The trumpets ſound a dead march, the king of Spaine mourning after his brothers body, and the king of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Eenter Ghoſt and Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

I, now my hopes haue ende in their effectes,
When bloud and ſorrow finiſh my deſires,
Horatio murdered in his fathers bower,
Vilde *Serberine* by *Pedringano* ſlaine:
Falſe *Pedringano* hangd by quaint deuice,
Faire *Iſabella* by her ſelfe miſdone.
Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* ſtabd,
The Duke of *Caſtile* and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo*.
My *Bel-imperia* ſalne as *Dido* fell,
And good *Hieronimo* ſlaine by himſelfe:
I theſe were ſpectacles to pleaſe my ſoule.
Now will I begge at louely *Proſerpine*,
That by the vertue of her princely doome,
I may conſort my friendes in pleaſing ſort,
And on my foes worke iuſt and ſharpe reuenge.
Ile leade my friend *Horatio* through thoſe fieldes,

Where neuer dying warres are ſtill inurde.
Ile leade faire *Iſabella* to that traine,
Where pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Bel-impera* to thoſe ioies,
That veſtal virgins, and faire Queenes poſſeſſe,
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plaies,
Adding ſweete pleaſure to eternal daies.
But ſaie *Reuenge*, for thou muſt helpe or none,
Againſt the reſt how ſhal my hate be ſhowne?

Reuenge.

This hand ſhal hale them downe to deepeſt hel.
Where nought but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

Ghoaſt.

Then ſweet *Reuenge* doo this at my requeſt,
Let me be iudge and doome them to vnreſt.
Let looſe poore *Titius* from the vultures gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* ſupplie his roome,
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* wheele,
And let the louers endles paines ſurceaſe:
Iuno forgets olde wrath and grauntes him eaſe,
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke
And let him there bewaile his bloudie loue.
Repining at our ioies that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* go roule the fatall ſtone,
And take from *Sicipus* his endles mone.
Falſe *Pedringano* for his trecherie,
Let him be dragde through boiling *Acheron*,
And there liue dieing ſtil in endles flames,
Blaſpheming Gods and all their holie names.

Reuenge.

Then haſte we downe to meet thy friendes and foes,
To place thy friendes in eaſe, the reſt in woes.
For heere, though death hath end their miſerie,
Ile there begin their endles tragedie *Exeunt.*

FINIS.